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CANADA

WHY WE LIVE IN IT
AND
WHY WE LIKE IT

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CANADA:

Why we Live in it, and Why we Like it.

BY

MRS. EDWARD COPLESTON.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

LONDON:
PARKER, SON, AND BOURN, WEST STRAND.
1861.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HUTCHINGS & COPE,
63, SNOW HILL.

DEDICATED,

BY KIND PERMISSION AND WITH GRATEFUL RESPECT,

TO HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY HUTCHINGS & COPE,
63, SNOW HILL.

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Gift
L.L. Hubbard
12-15-27

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE unpretending sketches of recent life in Canada were sent home under peculiar circumstances, and accompanied by an earnest injunction from the writer, that her name should not appear.

The friend into whose hands they came, was unexpectedly favoured with an opportunity of communicating with the honoured Prelate to whom they are dedicated, himself the valued friend and editor of the "Remains" of the late Bishop Copleston, who was uncle to the husband of the Author. Having also lately published a volume containing an article on Canada, the Archbishop of Dublin was led to

take a kindly interest in this little Work, and to advise that it should not be published anonymously.

The friend of the Writer willingly accepts the full responsibility of disobeying her injunction, when coupled with the gratification of acting on a suggestion from such a quarter.

November, 1861.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGE
I.	Introductory	1
II.	Departure from England	4
III.	Our Landing	7
IV.	Hunting for a Home, and Professional Prospects	14
V.	Winter in the Bush	43
VI.	Housekeeper's Chapter	65
VII.	The Climate of Canada; its effect upon the European, as well as on Animal and Vegetable Life	78
VIII.	Farming in Canada, an Occupation whereby the most may be made of a Small Income; and Conclusion	93

CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

DESCRIPTIONS of Canada are becoming as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. The aim, however, of the authoress of these pages is not to describe her adopted country's magnificent scenery, to enlarge upon its glorious prospects, or to hold Canada up to view as an El Dorado for the fortune hunter; nor on the other hand, to picture the hardships of the pioneer in her backwoods, or the gaiety and freedom of life on her thickly-settled frontier. All this has been done over and over again, till at last the Falls of Niagara, and the wondrous depths of the Saquenay are becoming as familiar to the European as the waters of the Volga, or the Falls of Schaffhausen. Her object is to prove that Canada offers a home where all the conveniences of life may be enjoyed at far less cost than they can be obtained in Old England, and this, too,

at a period when the circumstances of thousands are comparatively straitened at home.

Canadian railways may have had their share, conjointly with numerous other tempting speculations, in results that have impoverished tenfold more families than have ever been enriched by them. But Canada has many redeeming features. Her British Constitution ensures perfect security to life and property. Her railways and her lakes and rivers; her weekly English mail, and eleven days' voyage, instead of eleven weeks, the minimum, perhaps, of a voyage to any other colony, enable her to invite all to come and try her climate; her facilities for retrenchment, without curtailing in any degree the enjoyment of all the necessaries of life, or abandoning anything except positive luxuries.

Other colonies may offer greater inducements to those in search of a speedy fortune (although this may be called in question). The adventures of bush life may be far more exciting at the Cape, its difficulties and trials incomparably less, and a profitable return for exertion may perhaps be secured elsewhere in less time; but no colony equally accessible offers the same advantages to those who have no desire to rough it in the bush, on the one hand, nor yet to join in the gaieties and expenses of town life, on the

other, but simply to keep the middle course; they can do this by securing any of the innumerable cleared farms within five or six miles of the railways, which now run throughout the length of Canada, as well as intersect its eastern, northern, and north-western districts.

The following narrative will, it is believed, present the reader with a fair idea of all the incidents that are likely to occur to any one who enters upon family emigration. It will be seen that nothing startling nor adventurous need be expected; but at the same time, much that will prove rough, novel, and strange, during the earlier years of colonial life. Should the writer have failed in rendering these pages of interest, she still hopes they may diffuse some information that may prove practically useful.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

In the autumn of 1856 we embarked on board the fine noble steamer A. S., bound for Quebec. Painful circumstances, over which we had no control, had altered our fortunes at home, consequently, our thoughts were directed to emigration. Pleasing and flattering visions of a homestead, denied us in Merrie England, softened the feelings of anxiety and despondency so natural when about parting, for many years at least, if not for ever, from dear relatives and friends, and all the early happy associations of by-gone days.

After weighing the merits of each colony as they were introduced to us by various friends, as well as by authors, and conning over the latest works on Australia, New Zealand, and even Port Natal, we gave the preference to Canada, more especially on the ground that the average passage of a Montreal steamer was under eleven days, and we dreaded *for* our little ones, as well as for ourselves, the

length of a voyage to the antipodes. The latter seemed an irretrievable step, and I must say, the idea of return tickets, to the terms of which our notice had been called, was of itself very encouraging and hopeful. My picture of North America was principally drawn from that charmingly written book *The Backwoods of Canada.* I never stopped to look at the date of publication, but concluded all Canada was all in the wild woods, little knowing that what was perhaps then "dubbed" under the *sobriquet* of "Dirty Little York" was now the "queen city" of Toronto, with its population of 44,000, far surpassing staid old Exeter in number of citizens, and vying with more modern Cheltenham in the display of plate glass and fashionable shops.

But to return to our embarkation. We sailed from Liverpool. Our family consisting of my husband, self, a nurse, and two little girls, mere infants, and I was intensely anxious on their account, more especially as we were undertaking a sea voyage in the face of equinoctial gales, one of which threatened to come on even before our anchor was weighed in the Mersey. To our party must be added two dogs—a Scotch terrier and a black retriever—two of the finest creatures of their kind, to whom I could not bear to say "farewell," however sentimental it may appear.

Most faithful and useful companions they afterwards proved. Notwithstanding the tempestuous weather we encountered—(oh, the dread Atlantic roll! thousands have described its grandeur and borne its miseries better than I could),—we had a quick and favourable passage, thanks to the able seamanship and constant watchfulness of our good captain. It was marvellous to see how the skill and ingenuity of man could devise anything to resist the fury of such winds and waves as tried their utmost to prolong our voyage. Right glad we were to find our good ship in the Straits of Belle Isle, where all was once more comparatively calm. Our passage might have been shorter but for the prudence of our captain, who dropped anchor in the Lower St. Lawrence, as the weather was foggy for nearly an entire day. Notwithstanding this delay, we anchored at Quebec within eleven days from the time of embarking.

Much as I should have been delighted to land after our stormy passage, my little ones required more than all my care, and I remained on board until our vessel reached Montreal.

CHAPTER III.

OUR LANDING.

LANDING was neither so delightful, nor so easy a business as I anticipated. Such scrambling, such confusion; all the kindly feeling which fellow-passengers entertain for each other vanished at this moment; our mutual sympathies, now all danger and sickness had passed, came to a sudden end; each seemed now to be on the look out for No. 1, yet when each had secured his own, curiosity, not unmingled with interest in a stranger's lot, again reigned predominant.

We happened to be amongst the very few on board to whom all was new and strange; many of our fellow-travellers were returning to their own firesides, and I quite envied them the glad welcome which awaited them from expectant friends. Our own loneliness struck me painfully; but I was soon aroused from sad thoughts by the bustle and commotion of our steerage passengers, numbering some 300 souls, most of them apparently having, like ourselves, all their earthly

belongings to see to; not merely light portmanteaus and compact bags of the tourists, but with beds and bedding, huge chests, and even pianos and farming implements, all jumbled together, to say nothing of Durham calves, Dorking fowls, hedgehogs, ferrets, Leicester sheep, and even full grown bulls and cows, and I must not omit our own little Scotchy and big retriever—in fact, the deck presented a quaint appearance, a combination of a Pickford & Co.'s warehouse, a small ménagerie, and a farm-yard. Not only had we to watch the contents of the almost inexhaustible hold, and claim our own as the "donkey" engine brought to light its hidden treasures, one after another; but the customs' officers had to be satisfied that they were *bonâ fide* settler's goods. Our family group looked so genuinely green and forlorn, I believe we could have passed half the ship's cargo as our own without any demur on their part. At length, we collected our goods and chattels, and soon made our way to the hotel that had been introduced to us while on board.

This hotel, some three quarters of a mile distant (it appeared fully three miles), we reached in what we thought a most ludicrous manner; but emigrant arrivals are so common we attracted little or no attention, in spite of "Scotchy" and

the "retriever" following in the rear of some three or four cartloads of baggage, preceded by ourselves, in a very droll-looking vehicle, more like the slice off an end of an omnibus than anything else. We were jostled "pretty considerable," as our driver surmised, before reaching our quarters. The hotel was an American one, "conducted upon American principles," and quite different, in many respects, from anything in England: yet all was order and arrangement. Our numerous articles were all carefully stored under lock and key. A place was found for everything, and we were assured we should find everything in place. As for ourselves, we were soon shewn our allotted apartments, and once more enjoyed the luxury of a quiet room, where everything did not, as during our voyage, turn round with us. A boon of itself.

It was evening when we arrived, and we would fain have had what refreshment was requisite in our own rooms; but, although in British Canada, our "John Bull" notions of a cozy meal to ourselves had to give way to regulations, which required all to meet at stated intervals at one general table. We accordingly obeyed the summons of a gong, and entered a very spacious room, with tables laid out for about 200 persons, where the dinner was already awaiting us. The

waiters begin at once to remind you how precious time is. They first adroitly thrust under you a chair, which obliges you to sit down *nolens volens*, then the business commences in earnest. Dish after dish is handed round in quick succession till something of everything would be heaped on your plate, unless you astonish the obsequious waiters by a constant "No, thank you." While the little folk of our party are being properly attended to, all have been as busy as possible, and the despatch was astonishing. Just as I began to cater for myself, nearly all the guests and a goodly portion of the viands had already vanished. This was the usual state of affairs with us, and the waiters could scarcely refrain from smiling at our dilatoriness, however much we might be ridiculing the expedition of their guests. Nevertheless, we had the solace of being kept in countenance by an Englishman who had crossed in the same steamer, had put up at the same house, and afterwards became our companion through the earliest part of our Canadian career.

Our first snooze, it will be "guessed," proved a sound one; but alas! before I was, as it seemed to me, half through it, I was startled out of my senses by a most terrific clanging, banging, jangling noise. What could it mean? My first

impulse was to rush to the door, thinking nothing short of a fire could warrant such a commotion. I soon ascertained, however, that there was nothing amiss. I was merely being aroused in a manner ordinary to an American, but extraordinary to the uninitiated. The porter, whom I met at the door, not only entered into the explanation, but also intimated that unless I looked sharp the second alarum would soon be sounded, when all were expected to appear at the general breakfast-table. All this may appear very frivolous and trite; yet the Americans regard these minor details as illustrations of their national "go-a-headativeness" (a word daily in use by the American press)—a characteristic in which the Canadian largely participates, to which he may safely ascribe his present success, and upon which he must depend for future progress.

The next peculiarity in our hotel that alarmed me not a little, was the having my bed-room bell invariably answered by a "man," to whom I had to communicate my wants.

On the second night after landing I was suddenly seized with a severe quinzy throat-attack in the dead of night. The symptoms were so bad that there was nothing to be done but to alarm the hotel. Up came my male attendant with the utmost despatch. He quickly brought

the mustard poultice, and all that was needful for such an emergency. Fortunately these remedies soon relieved me, and the disease began to subside; but to my surprise, the next morning he re-appeared again at my bedside, full of polite inquiries, expressing his great concern at my indisposition, and his anxiety for my speedy convalescence. During my short sojourn, I had but little time to explore Montreal, which is, I believe, universally admitted to be the finest city in British North America, and ranks, I am told, about the tenth in America, as its population, including its suburbs, exceeds 100,000.

Just fresh as I was from home, the first impressions were far from favourable. Wet weather, dense November fogs; or if no fog, a dull hazy sky, with scarcely any sun to light up the narrow and half-finished streets, combined to render the *tout ensemble* anything but pleasing. There was an absence, too, of all bustle, and the dearth of gay equipages, or any vehicles, except unwieldy omnibuses, or rough-looking waggons, shed a gloomy hue, different from what I had been led to expect. Rarely, I was told, did Montreal wear such a dismal aspect. During the bright summer and the sleighing season in winter it was lively, gay, and cheerful in the extreme.

When the day for our departure arrived, the sun shone with great brilliancy; not a speck could be seen in all the vast expanse of cloudless sky. Nothing is more striking to an European than the size of everything in America. The St. Lawrence and the Saquenay are not the only natural objects that make you think the Thames and the Mersey mere rivulets and trout-streams, but the very sky itself looks so high, that you have nothing to do but glance upwards to perceive you are no longer in the Old World. When the traveller leaves Montreal, and gets clear of the streets and suburbs, and looks back upon the magnificent panorama, then he begins to realize what a city of wealth he has visited, and with what a beautiful and fertile country it is encircled. I longed to be a tourist, on a visit of choice and pleasure, and not an emigrant in search of a home in a new and very strange land.

CHAPTER IV.

"HUNTING FOR A HOME," AND PROFESSIONAL PROSPECTS.

GUIDED by the too prevalent notion that all an immigrant in Canada has to do, is to hurry on to the west as fast as possible, we followed in the wake of most of our fellow-passengers, who had not loitered on their way. Experience has taught us that Quebec is, no doubt, too far east. But the district of Montreal, and the country known as the Eastern Townships, are no longer so readily overlooked. The prevalence of the French language, the severity of the climate, and the like, are objections greatly exaggerated.

After four years' close observation, we have ascertained that the condition of many English residents in Canada East, will compare favourably with that of many, who, at great expense and inconvenience, migrated thousands of miles, and penetrated the Western States of Iowa and Illinois, for instance, and left behind them all the advantages of excellent markets, of ready communication by railway and steamboat, and have

secured little else as compensation, than perhaps ten days earlier spring, and the same interval in autumn, before winter positively sets in.

Many of our fellow-passengers had left us their addresses, with hearty assurances of welcome, if we would pay their districts a visit. There was nothing now, it was said, like "roughing it in the bush," and the "back woods of Canada" were already a myth of the past, to be found only some one hundred miles north of the St. Lawrence. We therefore bade adieu to Montreal; were again jostled "pretty considerable" in an omnibus to the "cars" for Lachine. "All aboard! all board!" is the universal cry, whether you are stepping into a steamer, omnibus, or railway. The latter word being seldom used, and the shorter word "cars" substituted, by all the officials with whom a traveller has to deal.

The next stage on our journey was Kingston, some 160 miles distant; and we selected a steamer as by far the most convenient for a family party, encumbered with the amount of luggage we possessed. The steamer having to work its way slowly through the canals constructed by the side of the St. Lawrence, where navigation is impeded on the upward trip against the stream by the rapids, but greatly accelerated on the downward course by what is termed,

"shooting the rapids." The sensations of the passenger, while his steamer is "shooting the rapids," are said to be so exciting and enchanting that the numerous guide-books for the tourist are all puzzled to describe them, so one and all, after having attempted to do so, wind off with the assertion that they can neither be imagined or described. The effect must be tried by a trip taken for the express purpose.

We reached Lachine, after a rapid railway ride through a flat country, and found the Kingston steamer awaiting our arrival. The contrast between an ocean steamship and a lake and river steamer is peculiarly striking. The latter is built expressly for passenger accommodation, without reference to model or naval architecture, and perhaps it would be better if the latter were a little more consulted, as the storms on Lake Ontario are by no means contemptible. These vessels, at first sight, seem little better than huge, floating hotels; but are admirably adapted for the miscellaneous traffic they carry on; for not only are they capable of stowing away several hundred passengers, but hundreds of all kinds of live stock besides. These last occupy the lower deck, while the passengers are comfortably ensconced on the upper, and the remainder of the vessel has great capacity for general mer-

chandise. Anything better suited for family travel it would be difficult to suggest; with plenty of room for promenade on deck, a luxurious drawing-room, supplied with piano, newspapers, and books—an excellent *table d'hôte*, and capacious and separate berths (dignified with the name of "state-rooms").

Onward you glide, enjoying the lovely scenery of the St. Lawrence; no time lost by day or night, and all this quite free from the fatigue, or weary monotony of railway travel; at meals or asleep still onward you go, all at one fare, which includes living and moving expenses. Truly, a railway in Canada has a formidable competitor during the season of travel. The fairy scene of the Thousand Isles, the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the glorious effects of sunrise and sunset, and the moonlight scene on the clear blue waters of Lake Ontario—all, indeed, that has any claim upon the tourist, or can serve to soften the sad hours of the newly-arrived emigrant—all is lost to those who select the railroad journey from Montreal to Toronto, in preference to the passage by steamer. The line of the railway, too, is calculated to convey a very false impression. The Grand Trunk, for the most part, runs about one mile inland from the banks of the river and shores of the lakes

just skirting the backs of the first range of farms. It cuts through the bush each farmer has preserved for fuel, so that little else is visible from the windows of the carriages but horrible stumps and mangled forest trees; while the traveller is actually passing through some of the best cultivated farms in the province, all that he can see is swampy and uncleared. The effect of this is peculiarly depressing upon the stranger, and places the dark side of the picture, without any opportunity of seeing the bright. It led, too, to a serious error, on the part of an eminent agriculturist and author, who formed his opinion from his rapid ride on the railway, and thought, as he saw no barns or farm-houses, there was no produce. Had the same author paid a visit to the store-houses that line the wharves of every port between Hamilton or Toronto, he would perhaps have ascertained that not only had the Canadian farmer something to sell, but that he had facilities for market scarcely equalled.

We reached Kingston on a Sunday morning. Of this day, throughout Canada, there is, at all events, a strict outward observance. The law does not countenance Sabbath-breaking, and railways, steamboats, telegraphs, and post-offices are at rest. This was another contrast to our own country, where railway and steamboat ex-

cursions were so common, and by many were encouraged as conducive to public health, and affording opportunities for intercourse between parents and long-parted children, otherwise unattainable.

Our boat happened to come in unusually late, and as we landed the various congregations were leaving their churches, and lined each side of the street in full Sunday attire. It was a bad time to arrive, and our obstreperous dogs made it worse. On our way from the wharf to the hotel, they unhappily descried a pig, which, to their ideas of English propriety, had no business in the streets of an important city. The temptation to give chase was too strong to be resisted; off went "Scotchy" with the large "retriever" at his heels. Poor grunter, so unexpectedly assailed, was soon heard squealing lamentably. First, he stood at bay, then took to his heels, when the scene became so noisily exciting, that we began to fear the authorities would be after our headstrong protectors; luckily, poor "Chuggy" took refuge in the yard of the hotel to which we were going, and the turmoil our dogs had occasioned soon ended. We were not long in discovering that pigs were by no means such uncommon promenaders on the public side-walks, even in large places like

Toronto—till lately, the seat of government, and termed the "Queen City"—still, the nuisance of allowing animals to feed on the offal of the public streets is gradually abating.

We took a great fancy to our Kingston hotel, which was truly "British American," and not simply American, as the one we had just left. It was something to see once more an honest leg of mutton on the table, and whole loaves of bread, instead of finding everything sliced up ready for immediate use, suggesting the hint that "all we want you to do, is to eat and be off as fast as you can." Here, too, we were joined by our English fellow-voyageur; and in the evening we heard, for the first time in this new land, our own Church service, in an English church.

Next morning we started betimes for Toronto, and were all aboard in due season. Our English acquaintance, who had come out to establish himself as a medical practitioner, soon had his surgical skill brought into requisition, and his first patient was, singularly enough, one of the aborigines. It may be remembered, that, a few years ago, application was made to the Lord Mayor, on behalf of a party of Indians, from the Rocky Mountains, whose forlorn condition on the streets of London attracted the notice

of some benevolent person. It transpired that these unfortunates had been enticed from their native wigwams by some speculator, to join an Indian exhibition. Exhibitions of this kind, however, had become somewhat stale before they reached England, or, at all events, had lost their attractiveness. The speculator therefore discarded his *protegés*, and turned them adrift homeless and friendless. Charitable means, and not the public purse, were alone available towards their restoration to their native mountains, and some generous hearted individuals paid their fare to Quebec. From Quebec they were sent on at the public expense, and so, from place to place, until they would arrive within a reasonable distance of their hunting grounds. Their trip to London had apparently the reverse of any good effect; for, as passengers on our steamer, a more senseless, besotted-looking party could scarcely be imagined; whisky and rum had done its work.

One of this party, a poor squaw, my husband found lying on the lower deck, in a frightful condition from loss of blood—the chief and his sons, all looked thoroughly intoxicated, were standing by her side totally unconcerned—and the natives of her own sex had certainly no ideas of nursing, and very little of anything like

sympathy. We soon got our medical friend to come to her aid. It appeared that during a drunken quarrel his patient had been stabbed by another squaw, that the wounds had been inflicted for several hours, and for want of some person to staunch the blood, life was fast ebbing, and would have been lost without any alarm being given by the bystanders. In this instance the poor creature recovered, and regarded her preserver as something between a magician and a doctor—an opinion in which her companions fully shared; for magic is always an essential element in the Indian doctor's skill. Not only do the "Indians" believe this, but the "white men" shew they are scarcely more proof against superstitious feelings than the Ojibbeways or Chippewas—an Indian herb, or quack doctor being one of the most successful callings which any impostor can follow. We were just entering Lake Ontario when the excitement occasioned by this incident had subsided.

This was my last opportunity of witnessing the gorgeous and magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence. I was in perfect ecstasy with its beauty and loveliness. The water so pure and limpid, reflecting the red and yellow autumnal tints from the forest, which clothed the banks to the water's edge, as well as the still more varied

hues from the great variety of shrubs growing on the numerous islands. Some of these islands were such complete little territories, that they made me almost fancy I could settle down very happily on any of them; others were much smaller, in groups or clusters. Here we caught a glimpse of some Indians, and watched their tiny birch-bark canoes gracefully riding on the rippling waters, and ever and anon darting in and out from their numberless hiding places at the will of their occupants, chiefly squaws, with their copper-coloured children, some mere infants, swimming and sporting in the water, like so many tadpoles in their native element. There was so much to amuse, arouse, and interest in this portion of my journey, that it grieved me to think how rapidly I was accomplishing it. But "time and tide" wait for no man.

Our steamer had now threaded its way through this fairy labyrinth of islands, and launched us on what I dreaded as too much like a return to the Atlantic; but it was nothing more than a transition from the placid St. Lawrence to the more ruffled waters of Lake Ontario. It was now late, and the chill autumnal evening made it no longer safe to remain on deck. The greater portion of the passengers repaired to the drawing-room-saloon. In a short time the piano

struck up, and after a voluntary from two or three American ladies, who, it seemed to me, vied with each other in the display of their peculiar power in rendering a piano a much harsher and louder instrument than I ever thought it could be made. We had, nevertheless, some pleasant solos and glees, and I must say I admired the vocal much more than the instrumental concert. There was too much to remind me of the horrors of the equinoctials to permit of unbroken rest, so I was up early, and was amply repaid by witnessing, what I suppose can scarcely be equalled for its peculiar splendour, the effect of sunrise upon the bright blue waters of Lake Ontario.

In a few short hours we began to descry the tops of the principal buildings of Toronto. Toronto is perhaps, in one sense, the reverse of Montreal. The latter, as I have said, is seen to best advantage from its noble river; but Toronto being built upon a level, and having no immediate background to take the place of the mountain of Montreal, is, as an American remarked to me, "a mean-looking place till you get into it, and then, I guess, you 'll think it smart enough"—in fact, you come upon it unawares. It is truly a fine city, when you become acquainted with its public buildings, avenues, and

suburbs, as well as its spacious and well laid out streets—in many parts shaded with the light foliage of the acacia and Canadian maple, affording grateful shade from the fierce rays of our summer suns.

To return from this digression to our landing. All the scrambling for luggage had to be repeated. Hotel runners, or canvassers, were loud in their vociferations of "All aboard for Russell's," "The American," &c. &c., and I don't know what else besides. We had the good fortune to make choice of "Swords," at this time the best hotel; the luxurious and capacious "Rossin House" not being completed. All was, of course, still very new to us, and some of the novelties it may be amusing to notice.

In the public dining-room we naturally attempted to keep together, children and nurse as well as ourselves. This was a decided, though unintentional, affront to the negro waiters, who immediately ushered off the nurse and children to a side-table. Astonished at the presumption, we removed to the side-table also, where, to our surprise, an English traveller, probably as fresh as ourselves, immediately repaired as well. His object was to resent an apparently uncalled-for slight, when the funny assemblage at a Canadian *table d'hôte* is taken into consideration. Next,

the waiting arrangements were diverting in the extreme. The number of attendants (all negroes) were certainly greater than the number of guests. Some were fine, pleasant-looking fellows, in spite of their grim visages; and from their winning, kindly manners, soon ingratiated themselves with our little ones, much to my surprise. But to describe the system adopted. Our troop of waiters vanished all at once, just as we were seated to commence dinner. Suddenly the door re-opened—in they marched in single file, each bearing a dish, while their principal assumed all the airs of a generalissimo. His "corps" fixed their dark, keen eyes upon him, awaiting his signal; and as soon as that was given, down went the dishes on the table all at once—a pause—another signal—and off flew the covers, with similar precision and alacrity; their black countenances and gloveless black hands made the effect all the more ridiculous, although, to some, not altogether pleasing. These manœuvres they repeated at each course until the repast was over. The evenings passed off agreeably enough. The guests met in the public drawing-room, where they were entertained with music, the daughters of the hotel proprietor taking the principal part as performers.

Arrived at Toronto, we considered ourselves

in the heart and centre, not only of Upper Canada, but of Canada, as, at this time, Toronto was the seat of government. Here we learnt that any professional occupation was by no means easy to obtain. Our friend, the doctor, had no difficulty in securing license to practise; but found in a short time that, beyond gratuitious practice, little field was before him, so numerous were the resident medical men long and favourably known to the inhabitants, so that it would take as much time to work his way on to a living, as long perhaps as if he had established himself in London, and probably the cost of supporting the style he deemed requisite to secure a position was fully as great, as it would have been in an English town. The English lawyer can only become qualified by apprenticing himself at once to a Canadian lawyer for twelve months at least, and even then his license is not obtained without much expense. With capital a good business might be gained in a few years; but without it, without interest, and with probably a deal of jealousy to contend against, the prospects of an English lawyer are not encouraging. Commercial employment is neither so easy to get, nor so remunerative when secured, as at home. The ways and habits of the country can only be learnt by experience, and until that has

been gained, it is impossible that a stranger can successfully compete with those born, bred, and educated in the colony. It was therefore evident our "hunt for a home" must be continued, and that some less beaten track than a Canadian city must be selected. At this period rents were exorbitantly high, and provisions by no means reasonable, and the sooner we left for a rural village or town the better. Unhappily, we had been much misled on our voyage out, by descriptions of Canada's "last" and most "hopeful forest child," and had been induced to pay it a visit.

We arrived in the height of land speculation, or rather just when the bubbles were beginning to burst. Canada had raised a large family of children within a very few years, and of these "Collingwood" was said to be the most precocious, and it needs must be explored before any one could safely settle down. Collingwood was, and is, the terminus of the railway connecting Toronto with Lake Huron. Here all the trade from Chicago and the Far West was to be concentrated, and it was represented a great portion had already been secured. It promised a famous opening for everybody. A bank was particularly wanted—of this, perhaps, there was but little doubt, so far as accommodation being necessary *was con*cerned.

I anxiously awaited my husband's return from this El Dorado, as I had induced him to explore it by himself, and leave me to recruit, with my little ones, in our comfortable hotel in Toronto. On his return, he informed me that the principal building in the place was a large wooden-framed hotel, perched at the very terminus of the railway, so that the trains almost ran into it. This he found frequented by a number of guests; most of them as rough as can be conceived. It was here he heard the hardest swearing, and the most blasphemous epithets and conversation, it was ever his lot to have forced upon his ears. California in its worst days could scarcely have brought together greater ruffians than had taken up their temporary abode at Collingwood. Most of them had village lots to sell, at prices much about the same as those obtained for the best building sites in the heart of Montreal and Toronto. Some had come in search of their "town lots," which they had purchased without inspection, except on paper; and not a few of these they, literally, could not see, as they were positively under water—a great portion of the site of this embryo city being in a swamp. Still there were symptoms of life and business; but such a life, and such a business, in the midst of such a set of speculators, that we never at-

tempted to join in it, and we were certainly the wiser for the visit.

If life in the bush be rugged and hard, and subject to deprivations, a life in a paper town, we thought, must be tenfold more rugged and hard to endure, and nothing has transpired to alter our impression. The earliest stage of a community, such as that of an American town or village, is by no means inviting, and time alone can mould any new settlement into order and shape, whether it be in more remote British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, or Australia. The settler who makes choice of any very new district will have the same ordeal to go through. The hardships of climate may be nothing to the trials inflicted by bad neighbours; nor are these trials and hardships lessened by the attempts we hear are being again made in England, of transplanting little communities with all the gradations of squires and peasantry, priests and deacons, with parish doctors, and the whole parochial system, to the banks of the Upper Ottawa.

It was known we were "hunting for a home," and we were sorely pressed to join a scheme of this nature, and right glad I am, after a still further acquaintance with the subject, we kept aloof from a project, which, after repeated trials, has never yet led to anything but disappoint-

ment and vexation. The chief promoter was most enthusiastic in his hobby. He had ascertained that the Canadian government would readily grant a free block of land, of ten square miles; and if not absolutely make a free grant, would sell the whole for a mere nominal price of 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre. The whole of Canada, it was urged, was divided into ten square miles' townships. Why not make a model township? The inhabitants of which should be entirely British in their habits, select in every way, and members of the Church of England. This sounded plausible enough in theory, but when reduced to practice, has invariably been most difficult, if not impossible to carry out. A clergyman, a medical man, several young esquires, and a good shopkeeper, had agreed to settle down on the block, and each had induced agricultural labourers and their families to accompany them—a capitalist to erect a saw-mill, and a miller to grind the produce would soon follow. The only conditions were, that the entire block of land should be taken up, that a certain proportion of every one hundred acres should be speedily cleared, and log-houses erected, to ensure permanent occupation. Of the fate of this individual scheme, or whether it was ever matured, we have not heard.

By far the most successful pioneers in the backwoods, have been men trained to their calling as lumbermen. While engaged in the forest winter after winter, they become familiar with the locality, and know the exact spots where settlement can be entered upon with certainty of success; and they likewise understand, however good and fertile the soil may be, insuperable barriers may exist, such as miles of "wind falls," as the havoc of a storm in the forest is termed, or of a swamp through which a road could not be made without difficulties too great for an individual to encounter, or overcome in a lifetime. Instances there are where settlements in large bodies by fellow-countrymen, with little distinction of high or low degree, have prospered. The county of Glengarry may be noticed as the principal.

It must be remembered how close is the tie of clanship in Scotland; while there is no similar bond of union amongst the English population. This, perhaps, is one reason why the Scotch settler, independently of his hardy and thrifty habits, and his acquaintance with a severe climate from his youth upwards, has so rarely failed as a Canadian settler.

While at Collingwood, information was gleaned that "Orillia," on the shores of Lake Simcoe was

as eligible as any place that could be suggested for us to winter in, as there were a great many resident English families, and rents would be found moderate; besides the simile drawn between it and Brighton attracted my fancy—it held the same relation to Toronto, so said my new acquaintances, as did my favourite watering place to London.

We resolved to give it a trial and trusted it would afford us a snug little home, easily reached before winter set in; so we left the comforts of Toronto, and started by the northern railway for Belle Ewart, the station from which the steamer sailed daily, so we were told, for Orillia. The cognomen of "Belle Ewart" somewhat inspired confidence. We thought we must be nearing something to excite admiration, but on arrival our first exclamation was—"What a name to give to a few wooden shanties huddled together, and surrounded by charred stumps with a Yankee saw-mill, the mainstay of its trade!" We were already fast getting into November; not a green leaf, nor the slightest verdure remained, and all the beauty of Belle Ewart had withered and faded, not to be revived till May or June came round again. We no sooner left the cars and saw them puffing away, than we inquired of the first person we met the way

to the steam-wharf, and if the steamer was in readiness for starting for Orillia? "I guess you're out in your reckoning; there will be no steamer till Monday," was the answer, and it was then Saturday; so the "guess," alas! proved the more unfortunate and provoking. But it was too true. The steamer had altered the time of its trips and ran only on alternate days.

Here was a dilemma. Here were we, with all our baggage piled upon stumps, and ourselves exposed to a Canadian rain—such rain as I had never seen; a perfect water spout, which drenches you through and through in a very short space of time. Charming Belle Ewart could boast of no suitable inn, and nothing but a tavern of the lowest class; the hope, however, of finding two good hotels at Lefroy if we walked back, a distance of a mile, kept up our flagging spirits. We buckled to and began our uncomfortable trudge; but, oh! horror of horrors, when we came to the end of our pilgrimage through mud and mire, there was not a pin's difference to choose between the taverns of either place, and no possibility of a return to Toronto. There was nothing for it but to make the best of our situation. The miserable, squalid taverns, were each dignified with the name of "hotel," but they had only the roughest accom-

modation to offer. A house kept by an Englishman was the one we preferred. His long residence in this isolated district had not quite beat out of him all ideas of civility or courtesy to newly-arrived strangers. He intended to be most hospitable, but a new obstacle arose. As we entered his threshold we were met by a very stern-looking dame, who convinced us she was not only his wife, but his "boss" (the slang term commonly in use for master, or mistress, as the case may be). It seemed very doubtful whether we should be admitted, but after some parley we were shewn into a cheerless room, into which as yet the stove had not been "fixed;" and here we were, children and all, wet, soaking, and half-drowned, without either a chance of a fire or of drying ourselves or our garments. I thought quite affectionately of "Swords" and the troop of "darkies" we had just left.

Our troubles were not to end here. Fatigue and anxiety, combined with the cold shower-bath in which we had all participated during the day, precluded rest; and at midnight I had all the symptoms of ague and intermittent fever. As the nearest doctor lived twelve miles off, the landlord with much sympathy undertook my cure; and as I was too ill to turn restive, I swallowed his prescribed nostrums. His "R.

R. R.," which interpreted, signifies "Radway's Ready Relief," was the vilest and most pungent decoction of the hottest capsicums it had ever been my lot to taste. Nevertheless, I am bound to say this quack remedy, though severe, was not without its good results; such a glow and warmth as it diffused I shall not easily forget,—it must have assisted in dispelling my chill; and, thanks to this all-stimulating, powerful agent, I was enabled to pursue our journey on the Monday. It was a real blessing to be once more on the move. The day, too, was propitious. We took care to reach the steamer in good time, and embarked with a hearty farewell to Belle Ewart, Lefroy, and its rival hotels.

Once more afloat, we could scarcely fail to admire the superior build and size of our vessel; it was superbly fitted up with costly velvet furniture, the wood work supplied from the best specimens of the Canadian forest timber, highly-polished and beautifully carved. We naturally asked how such a large boat could be brought to Lake Simcoe, which, according to the map, had no outlet of sufficient size to float anything much bigger than an Indian canoe. We were astonished to hear it was built at Belle Ewart, the wretched, miserable, little forest village I was so glad to leave and had so often ridiculed.

Truly it was a lesson to me not to judge always from outward appearances.

Lake Simcoe is a beautiful sheet of water, by many considered the most so of all the Canadian lakes. There were some good homesteads and well-cultivated farms close to the water's edge, and the advantages derived from railway connection with Toronto must be great. Before the railway was made, it was a common thing in winter to drive the entire length of the lake on the ice—some thirty miles, I believe; and a dreary drive it must have been from the Narrows to the landing, for it took us nearly eight hours to reach Orillia (stoppages included), which is situated within what is termed the Narrows, connecting Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching; but in common parlance, Lake Simcoe is the term used when speaking of the entire sheet of water between Belle Ewart and the River Severn, which unites it with the Georgian Bay, a part of the vast inland sea of Lake Huron.

It was nearly dusk before our steamer was moored to the Orillia wharf, and before we landed at our much wished-for haven of rest. The very first glimpse satisfied me; that the resemblance to Brighton was fallacious and unmeaning none could gainsay. The hotel proprietor was at once on board and on the look out for passengers,

and not a little well-pleased at the arrival of strangers, as Orillia's fashionable season was over if it had ever existed. He at once introduced himself, and I and the children were handed over to his mercy. He prided himself upon being an Englishman, and upon thoroughly understanding what an absence of English comfort we must have been subjected to during our sojourn at Lefroy. There was nothing, however, that he could not supply; so recently from the "old country" himself, he well knew how to make his house pleasant and agreeable in the true sense of the word. All this was delivered with such distasteful and vulgar bombast, that I took a dislike to my host at first offset, and further acquaintance only increased the weight of my first impressions. He took me to what he termed his carriage. It was nothing more or less than a common Canadian waggon, into which from its height I could not see the possibility of climbing. After the children had been hoisted into it, I once more renewed my exertions to scramble in after them; but the ridiculous cut of the whole concern, and a sense of my own exceeding awkwardness so excited my risibility, that at last I could do nothing but laugh. I could not help it. I laughed immoderately, until seeing the owner a little chagrined,

if not positively in a passion, I mustered all the strength I could, and finally tumbled into his vehicle. We had ropes for part of the harness, and the most crazy, lean-looking horses for a "span" I ever saw. They understood the smack of the whip, and the teamster's "Gee-a-lang" which the Canadian utters with so shrill a nasal twang, that any decently-fed horses would run away from sheer fright at the sound. However, they soon brought us to the portico of the crack English hotel.

Recollections of fashionable, gay Brighton again flashed across me, as I thought of the description given me of Orillia. I do not mean to say I was foolish enough to expect anything similar; but the notion of there being any room to draw a comparison between the two places still continued to tickle my fancy not a little. I believe such compariosns are made in all honest simplicity, for all Canadians proper have a great idea of themselves, and of all belonging to them, and think all they possess, as well as all they do, is inferior to nothing to be met with at home. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," is an old saw; but applicable in their case. Orillia in itself is a pretty little retired village, with some good frame-houses, and a few small stores. My expectations of comfort were not

very high, when I saw the frame-house, in particular, which we were to occupy.

A county election was going on, and the hotel was filled with a medley of strange-looking visitors, and we had to sit at table daily with people who appeared to think the presence of womankind no check upon their noisy "rowdy" ways. I was, unluckily, very, very deaf—the result of a cold, perhaps only half cured by the celebrated "R. R. R."—and thus not wholly conscious of the frequent invitations I received to drink champagne, which was daily supplied in profusion at the expense of the candidates for election as members of the Canadian Legislative Council. Unless there was some influential person at table, which seldom happened, such was the absence of all decorum, I quite dreaded sitting at meals with men too much elated to perceive how disagreeably they were behaving.

We made up our minds not to endure this most unpleasant, and far from economical mode of life even for a winter, especially as our host thought it *infra dig.* not to charge on a par with a first-class hotel-keeper, and yet had nothing to offer at all entitling him to any such rate of compensation. The cottage we had heard of as so cheap and pretty, and which was partially the means of our taking this trip, was let, and there

was nothing in the village ready to receive us. It was too late in the season to set to work furnishing, even had we thought it wise or prudent to do so, before knowing something of our locality. After much consultation as to where we should dispose ourselves, we heard of a quiet roadside tavern, on the way to a place called "Coldwater," some nine miles distant, kept by a homely, respectable Scotch couple. In this humble log-shanty we resolved to winter. The prospect was not cheering; but we were too fatigued to explore further. Besides, winter was speaking most unmistakably of its approach; even in the drive to our new abode the snow was falling heavily. And I shall never forget my first ride over a corduroy road.

We soon lost sight of everything but the forest, except now and then some poor little shanties, at intervals of every mile or so, peering through some trees, and giving some signs, however faint, of the country being inhabited.

At length we arrived at our destined home. Hitherto I had not been to inspect, and I felt, I must confess, very much aghast when I saw it. It had to me the appearance of a mud-hut; but it was a fair specimen of a log-house, or shanty, rough-cast, and all the interstices between each log well filled with mortar. These kind of houses

are always warmer than the more comely-looking frame-buildings. We alighted from our waggon with anything but light hearts. Our hostess without shoes or stockings, and with night-cap on her head at mid-day, greeted us arms a-kimbo, welcomed us to her dwelling in broad Scotch, and shewed us our rooms, in which she had taken the kindly precaution of having good fires. The interior of the house was altogether far more comfortable than the exterior warranted us to expect. The main inconvenience not quite agreeable, was the difficulty in getting at our sleeping apartments, without having to pass through those of our host and hostess—an evil undoubtedly; but easily overlooked when the greater essentials of quiet, cleanliness, and economy had, as we hoped been secured.

CHAPTER V.

WINTER IN THE BUSH.

Not many days after we had become settled, to my unbounded joy, our first precious batch of home letters reached us. I was, in truth, home sick. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country," say the Proverbs of Solomon. We may believe this anywhere; but to realise its force and truth, we must be removed thousands of miles from many very dear. The contrast between the past and the present seemed too great to be endured without home sympathy, though I could scarcely bear to read so much that was warm and affectionate, so vividly did it recall all those from whom I was now far away. But hope even then suggested brighter days to come.

The earth was now covered with its white mantle of snow, although we had only reached the fifth of November. I had made several ineffectual attempts to take exploring walks, with the children for my companions, but these I was now

obliged to discontinue, and to wait for my chance of a sleigh drive—than which, nothing charmed me more. Our landlady proved very obliging, and under her auspices we generally secured two or three of these delightful drives in the course of every week. The motion of the sleigh is so easy, and yet so exhilarating, that it cannot fail to put the most hypochondriacal person in the world in the wildest spirits. Such, at least, was its effects upon me at that time. The merry jingling of the sleigh-bells added considerably to the children's enjoyment, as well as my own; and then, such a white world as we looked upon! In every direction, every limb and branch of the noble forest trees were feathered with the newly-fallen snow at one time, and at another, covered with sparkling icicles, glistening like so many diamonds in the sun. Without these sleighing excursions the monotony would have been very depressing.

The chief signs of animal life in these deep woods we perceived in the dead of night, when the howling of wolves frequently aroused us from sleep; the settlers, however, never suffered from their depredations, as sheep and cattle are carefully housed. The wolves instinctively shun the lowliest shanty, and the slightest fire serves to keep them at a respectful distance. Deer was

said to be plentiful, and a market is readily found for them, and they are not unfrequently sent to New York. Bears, of course, are never visible in winter and but rarely in summer; but if Bruin has once tasted a field of sweet Indian corn she immediately takes up her lodgings hard by, and with her cubs will, if permitted, feast there the whole summer. The fox, red and grey, racoon, and the minx—squirrels, black, grey, and red, with now and then such rare intruders as the North American panther or lynx, were all eagerly sought for by the "trappers," who occasionally made our tavern their rendezvous.

Our long winter evenings were occasionally enlivened by anecdotes. Our landlady amused us by a relation of numerous events that had befallen her and her spouse, during the earlier years of their life as Canadian emigrants. They landed in Canada about thirty years ago, at a period when the hardships of an emigrant's life from want of roads, railroads, mills, and post-offices, and last, though not least, churches and schools, were tenfold greater than in the present day. At that time there was not an inhabitant along the nine miles which intervened between their lot and the lake shore, and scarcely a house where the village of Orillia now stands. Our good matron must then have been a fine speci-

men of a buxom, bonnie, Scotch lassie. To all appearances she had weathered her rough beginning uncommonly well, being in good, vigorous health, and now enjoying all that this fertile country can produce, exclusively of her homestead, which she valued at a no less sum than a round thousand pounds; she had laid by hard cash, and was regarded as a "banker's wife" in the woods, always having the needful to lend to her more straitened neighbours whose thrift had not been equal to her own.

But to revert to her first arrival. As I before said, there were no conveyances of any kind; she had to carry on her back her provisions and every article of furniture and clothing from the lake shore to her husband, who was too busy to render much help while he was "raising" the identical shanty in which we were now housed. In one of her expeditions through the forest, as she was preparing to make a fresh start, after having had her dinner under the shady bank of a rivulet, for the first time in her life a bear crossed her path; he had been evidently quenching his thirst at the same stream, and was attracted by his keen scent to the "victual" she had left behind her. He coolly confronted her. All her courage nearly forsook her and she trembled in every limb: her last moment she

felt sure was come, but providentially she yet retained more nerve and presence of mind than she imagined. She remembered having heard that the force of the human eye alone invariably proved effectual, so she fixed a firm and steady gaze upon Bruin, determined to stare him out of countenance. There they stood with their eyes fastened on each other for several minutes—it seemed to her "hours," till the animal seeing she neither quailed nor wavered in her purpose, having given a few indignant sniffs, walked majestically away and hid himself in the woods. All this while she had no other weapon than a woman's arm; in her case, under ordinary circumstances, by no means a weak one. As may be easily conceived, she did not loiter on her road after this adventure but hastened on, yet not liking to leave the scene of her triumph without one more look, she dared to turn round, when lo! she espied her old foe quietly engaged in picking up the refuse of her meal.

Another incident she used to relate with peculiar gusto. It seemed a sister had joined her in her new home,—probably as comely as herself. It was too much for the Indians, with whom they were on friendly terms, to allow their white neighbour to have, as they thought, two such charming wives, and they came to the conclusion

that one was enough. A chief who had become enamoured of their good looks, arrived one evening with a few of his tribe for the express purpose of trading, or exchanging a "squaw" for one of the white ladies. As he intended to deal fairly he thought his offer quite reasonable, and implied that it would be a direct act of inhospitality not to comply. Their wigwam was not far off, and our hostess was preferred and selected as one of its future inmates. The poor sisters were upstairs while the Indians were making this proposal to the husband below. The latter, although a canny Scotchman and generally a good hand at a bargain, was fairly "nonplussed." His only remedy was a "treat of whisky." Thus they were soon overcome, and complete stupefaction having ensued, he drove them off in a waggon to a considerable distance. He then had to make public what I have detailed, and thus gained the assistance of his white neighbours. By judicious interpretation it was explained the "trade" could not be made; and the gude man, his wife, and her fair sister, were never again molested.

In a little while we gradually became objects of great curiosity. No doubt many a traveller on the Coldwater Road stopped to have a look at the new English folk, and to give the English-

man a "treat," much to the increase of the "day's takings" at the bar. The door of our sitting-room was often opened, without even the courtesy of a knock, and a head masculine popped in, giving a very decided jerk by way of invitation, with the address, "Come along, now," intimating that a "treat" was in store for my good man, and that if he wished to gain friends in Canada he must not refuse. It requires some exercise of good judgment to decline without giving offence. This habit of whisky treating is far too prevalent, not only in the backwoods, but throughout the province, East and West. My husband often walked to Orillia, and was sure of a friendly lift home; but it was very rarely, indeed, that he was not asked to drive while the owner of the sleigh slept off the effects of the numerous "treats" he had indulged in during the day.

An amusing incident of this nature once happened to him, which I will endeavour to narrate. Business had called him to Toronto, and I was left with my children alone for the first time in this country. On his journey home, the road being very bad and the stage heavily laden, the driver asked a farmer to relieve him of some of his passengers, to which he readily assented. Both stage and farmer stopped at every tavern,

and as the distance from Barrie was thirty miles, and there was a tavern, at an average, to every three miles of road, the stoppages must have been constant. This farmer's home was at no great distance from the spot where we were domiciled, and it was arranged that my husband should come home in the farmer's sleigh, and avoid the delay of going through Orillia.

At the "corners" (the name given here to all cross ways where two roads meet), where the stage and the sleigh were to part from each other, were two taverns. Already elated by such frequent tippling, our friendly neighbour had become somewhat inflammatory, and must needs readily join in a dispute between the Highlander and Lowlander customers, which had congregated at these corners, in the heart of a Scotch settlement. While hoping this dispute would soon blow over, my husband was accosted by a bright-eyed little fellow, in evident distress—"Oh, sir! Father is going to fight! Do you get into his sleigh and drive off the team, and he will come out and leave the Gaelic row." Readily acting upon this suggestion, especially as the Orillia stage now was a good way a-head on its road homeward, and could not have been easily overtaken on foot, he took the reins and drove off. Out rushed my farmer; for the moment he

looked as if was going to fight my husband, instead of his former antagonist. No sooner, however, did he reach the sleigh than the horses were driven off at a brisk pace, and down he went into the bottom amongst the straw, and soon fell into a profound slumber.

The little boy exclaimed—"All right! go-a-head, sir;" and away they started, the horses alone knowing their road home. "Cherry and Captain know the way, if I don't," continued the boy; "and you and I and the ram (for I forgot to mention that a newly-imported prize-ram formed one of the party) can let father alone."

"Well," rejoined my husband (who did not approve of this state of things), "father said he would have to go a couple of miles or so out of his way to see me home."

"Aye, aye! so he did; but it is very dark, and we shall go astray if we meddle with the horses. Just you keep the 'runners' off the stumps, and we shall get home safe and sound. Mother will see to you when we get there."

After a long tedious drive through the dark bush, they arrived, as the lad had predicted, without any mischance or incident. On the horses stopping at the farmer's gate, he awoke, with just sense enough to explain to his wife,

he had got "the new English gentleman" with him.

The good woman, well used to the somniferous condition of her mate, got him at once transferred from his sleigh to his bed. A blazing fire, such as those only know how to appreciate, who have been for hours exposed to a Canadian frost, was soon got up; huge maple logs piled on the spacious hearth of the country farm-house, into which the more modern stoves had not yet found their way, soon create a warmth, and brighten up the most cheerless of homes. All was hearty hospitality and genuine welcome.

The host quite recovered after a good supply of strong green tea, and the evening sped around the fire with plenty of anecdote and bush gossip to amuse. Time for bed was drawing near. The "English stranger" had for some time been wondering where he was to sleep. Broad hints had been given that an early retirement would be convenient, and he was ushered into a goodly chamber adjoining the kitchen, which was, in fact, the only bed-room in the house. A hole in the wall let in no small quantity of snow, directly upon the pillow of the bed. This was not exactly conducive to sleep. In a little while a whisper was heard—"Yes, he is asleep." In quietly crept some half-a-dozen boys, with buf-

falo-skins and blankets, and lastly, an old man, and all huddled together in a corner of the room. Still there were many left around the blazing fire, and some of them damsels of mature age; and what became of them, and where they slept, except in the kitchen along with the old couple, never transpired.

At break of day, the old man and the boys left their lair, and the "English stranger" found himself alone, with abundance of fresh water and towelling provided for his toilet, requisites often omitted at hotels, where bed and bedding are paid for. After a substantial breakfast, at which all the farm luxuries—as Johnny cake, Indian corn pancakes, buckwheat ditto, several sorts of jam, cheese, and "apple sauce"—were produced in liberal profusion, besides fresh eggs, and rashers from what lately was the best "hog" on the farm.

"Cherry" and "Captain" again appeared—a smart little team they were, looking as fresh as if they had been at rest for a week, although their yesterday's journey had extended at least sixty miles, to and fro. The short drive to Lot No. 12 was performed merrily; but on arrival nothing could induce this friendly farmer to alight; whether aching recollections of too many treats yesterday made him afraid of taking any

to day, I know not, but off he drove, without affording the opportunity of tendering even thanks.

The reader will perceive we must have gained some little insight in the mode of living among the rougher grade of settlers, during our stay in the bush. Ere long, we had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of persons more congenial than those amongst whom we had as yet been thrown.

Christmas-day was near at hand. At this season we were taken most friendly notice of by the resident gentry of the neighbourhood. This was an act of spontaneous kindness; for a glance at our abode must have shewn them we could make no return whatever, to mark our sense of their hospitality. It may cause surprise that any gentry could be found in so remote a region. But the first settlers in this district were many of them owners of large tracts of land, on which, as military and naval officers, they had cast their lot for life. A great many had left their properties in despair and disgust at the numerous hardships and privations they with their families had to endure. Those who remained on were now owners of substantial homes, with every comfort about them. The worst had evidently passed. We spent Christmas-day with an English family, one of the earliest class of settlers. They lived,

if possible, more in the depths of the woods than ourselves, for there was a drive of two, if not of three miles through the forest, in its primitive condition (the land all belonging to this family), without a house or clearance to be seen until you reached their own door. Notwithstanding their seclusion from the world "and scenes of busy strife," they yet strictly adhered to the good old English customs—such as the observance of Christmas; I need scarcely remark, that New year's-day has been in a great measure substituted, wherever the Canadians are of Scotch origin; and the observance of Christmas is almost exclusively confined to the English and their descendants, and the Roman Catholic Irish. Christmas-day commenced with a charming little sleigh-drive—to me, always fraught with pleasure. Off we set at a brisk pace, well muffled in good buffalo-robes, which are usually well lined and gaily fringed, not a breath of the intensely cold, biting wind ever reached me, in driving through the bush (where the cold is always easier to bear than in the open clearance).

On reaching Orillia Church how pleasing it was to find it all decorated as at home; not, indeed, with the glorious old holly, with its shining leaves and its bright scarlet berries, but with a very fair imitation, of Canadian evergreens, inter-

woven with the bine of some indigenous creeper, covered with very brilliant red berries. No pains had been spared to render the decorations as meaning and effective as possible, and the Scripture sentences, "Glory to God in the highest," "Peace on earth," "Good will towards men," and other texts, were lettered with evergreen over the altar and along the walls of the church. So strong is the feeling of ultra-protestantism in many parts, that these harmless (to say the least), and to our mind cheering and appropriate symbols of Christmas, recalling so many happy associations, are considered as so many evidences savouring of Popery, by the same orthodox individuals who would raise the emblems of Orangeism in defiance of the known wishes of their sovereign. So true is it that England, after all, is the freest country in the world. But I have diverged from my subject. The service of our church was reverently and devoutly read; Christmas carols and chants were well sung. We remarked, too, the attendance of several Indians and their squaws, who joined in the services apparently as much impressed as any present. When the congregation dispersed there was the same kindly greeting, and merry and happy Christmas wishing, as we had been accustomed to hear from our near and

dear ones at home, the other side of the Atlantic, and then all repaired home to do justice to good Christmas fare, ourselves among the rest. Our kind entertainers made us remain with them over the night, and then another sleigh drive brought us to our old quarters.

Besides the church at Orillia there were two others attached to the Church of England within five miles of us—one in each direction, east and west. All these were served by the same pastor, although they were at least ten miles apart. This will convey some idea of the arduous and laborious duties of a Canadian clergyman, when we take into account the nature of the roads he has to use, the exposure to summer heat and winter cold, to say nothing of distance. At these three churches three full services are generally held; that is to say, full morning and evening services at Orillia, and a mid-day service at one of the more distant churches. To reach this more distant church the clergyman had to pass our door; thus we became acquainted; whatever the weather, and whether the roads were scarcely passable from snow-drift, he was never known to miss his day. We were somewhat amused at our landlady's frank admission, that the more canny Scotch minister, who had a station on the same road, always let the English pastor be his

pioneer; but the Scotch congregation were not always sure that because he had broken a track their minister would follow.

We occasionally, or some one of our party, accompanied Mr. —— to his church in the woods. I well recollect the only time I ventured to do so. There had been a furious gale and heavy fall of snow, many trees had blown down, and some lay across the road, but the snow-road was good. For a considerable distance after we had left the public road, and turned into the little bye way or track that led through the dense forest to the church, we had to force our way through the tangled boughs and bushes, and now and then "jump a log." This "log jumping" I could not much relish; in fact, when the feat was accomplished, I scarcely believed myself whole in limb and body. Our good pastor, on his part, seemed quite unaware that there was anything to disturb my serenity, and continued the same easy flow of agreeable conversation without interruption, in spite of log jumping and all such minor trifles; the strong little nag, like his master, was quite used to his road. When I descried before me a huge tree over which I never thought we should attempt to go,—but what a novice was I, the little horse took it all in the regular course of business, just drew him-

self up for a jump, and over he went, leaving the sleigh and ourselves to follow; and over we went too with a tremendous jerk before I had time to be frightened. After a repetition of similar exploits we reached the church. It was singularly striking to see the picturesque little building, with its wooden turret and little spire, that had been consecrated to God in the midst of this dense forest, and to watch the congregation collecting. I could not think from whence so many well-clad, happy, and contented-looking family groups could come; but there they were, wending their way to hear the precious words of the Gospel. It seemed, indeed, as if hearts and feelings must be awakened to receive instruction when there were so many impediments, and so much difficulty to be disregarded before the desired object could be obtained.

After church we lingered to admire the house and grounds, in one corner of which stood the little church we had just left. It was a rare specimen of an extensive clearance from the forest, having been made with some regard to the picturesque, and not with the single eye to profit. Everything was in good taste. The house had been constructed most substantially of logs—the warmest of all, when thoroughly well put together. This place was to be let or sold,

and I was horror-struck at the proposal of making this our future home. I could afford to admire the noble forest at a distance, but when the possibility of my being imprisoned in its vast depths for the remainder of my life was mooted, I shrank from such an ordeal. I always maintained that Canada must by this time offer a less isolated home, than this somewhat too remote section of the country could place within our choice. The value put upon land in this back region besides appeared to us absurd, and the rents asked preposterous. The inhabitants had been led astray by prospective canals to connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario, and Chicago and the Far West with Toronto and the St. Lawrence. Recent events, and the commercial collapse that had occurred since the date of our visit, have brought down the prices of land to a reasonable figure.

All this time we entertained most anxious thoughts as to what we should do, and what occupation should be pursued to better our circumstances. This had been the chief aim of our emigration. To remain inactive for awhile was well enough. A good deal had been learnt in the interval. The effects of fatigue after a weary travel had worn off, and we were desirous of being once more on the alert. When we re-

vealed our plans, I shall always remember the solemn and blank looks with which this information was received. Our landlady evidently considered me very foolish for wishing to be quit of her fostering wing; and no doubt the weekly loss of our dollars was no trifling disappointment to her, but we were bent upon spending a few months in Toronto and seeing a little Canadian town-life. So, as the January thaw, fortunately for us, came on in due season, it materially assisted our flitting.

One fine morning we summoned up courage for the journey before us, a thirty mile drive in an open sleigh in mid-winter being no slight undertaking; but the horses performed their long run remarkably well, and we reached the Barrie Station with but one incident worth alluding to. When we were about half-way on our road we met sleigh after sleigh, some with two horses, some with one, in a long string extending, I really believe, fully a mile in length. We had to give up our share of the beaten track and turn into the deep snow, and there wait till they had all passed. Each and all of the occupants were cheerful and even merry, that it never occurred to us that the occasion had anything of solemnity in it, more especially as the long string of sleighs had somehow or other become broken, and as the

latter part was trying to catch up the former, many seemed to be shewing off the speed of their horses. At last, to my utter surprise, our teamster (or coachman) turned round as the last sleigh passed with this exclamation: "Well, well, now, if that ain't a nice funeral Mistress B. has got, I don't know what is!"

Up to this moment I had not the slightest conception we were meeting a funeral. I had seen no hearse, nor the semblance of mourning; when I comprehended the real state of the case I felt somewhat shocked at the levity with which I had been regarding all that had passed. A very melancholy and sudden death had occurred, as we afterwards gathered. A settler had most unexpectedly become a widower and his large family of very young children motherless. Her case was quite an exemplification of the awful uncertainty of life. She was to all appearance in perfect health and spirits, and at the time entertaining a party of friends, when she suddenly expired. The cause of death did not transpire. Such sad news are quickly telegraphed, as it were, from tavern to tavern, and store to store, by stage drivers and numerous other ways, that although interment generally takes place within three days after decease, and in summer time within thirty-six hours at the most, funerals

are always very numerously attended. In the present instance every settler from probably three adjacent townships had joined in this procession to manifest his respect for the deceased and sympathy for the survivors. Few are desirous of absenting themselves, especially if there had been any differences in life-time, for fear their so doing should be misconstrued. Not to attend a funeral would be proof of harbouring ill-will towards the family, much more than would the fact of attendance be proof of any strong friendship having subsisted during life-time; but let us not dwell on this negative view of a Canadian interment, as if attendance was all but compulsory for the sake of decency. The custom is decidedly pleasing in the main. Roman Catholics and Orangemen, all can join, and each has plenty of time for reflection while accompanying the remains of those who have shared his hardships as a fellow-labourer, to their last resting-place on earth. We frequently had pointed out to us, as we passed near the cleared farms in the vicinity of Barrie, private burial grounds, neatly and securely enclosed from the rest of the farm; but public cemeteries are now provided in all well-peopled districts; and in large towns Roman Catholics, members of the Church of England and Scotland, and Methodists, have each their own peculiar *burial-grounds*.

We were most glad on arrival at Barrie to make the exchange from the sleigh to the cars; the cold had been intense, and icicles had formed on our very eye-lashes. Both children and selves appreciated the warmth from the well-heated stoves, with which every railway carriage is supplied during winter. The station is some distance from the town of Barrie, and the country all around was very wild and uncleared. We were not a little struck at finding the carcase of a huge bear on the platform, waiting for transmission. The owner of this trophy was very anxious to bring it into the carriage, as if it were his personal baggage; but this was not permitted. On nearing Toronto, I could not but congratulate myself that we had left the bush, and that we were about to take up our abode, however temporary, amongst a more social community. How spacious, as well as luxurious, by comparison, did every thing now appear at our old friend "Swords'," to whose house we again repaired, till we succeeded in hunting out a snug little cottage.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S CHAPTER.

THE snug little cottage we were in search of was not forthcoming without some trouble; we were in want of so many advantages. First and foremost, we deemed it essential to take a home in which there were open fire-places. Rooms heated by stoves were, to me, most suffocating and stifling, and, I imagined, must be injurious. I could not understand how people could exist in them—a doubt long since solved; for without them, I do not believe any human being could withstand the severity of this climate. They equalize the temperature of a room, so that every bit of you feels warm, which cannot be said in favour of open grates, however cheerful a blaze may be—your face is apt to be scorched while your back is shivering. Next, we were on the look-out for an airy situation, ample space both within and without, a nice garden for children to play in, and other wants too many to enumerate. We were obliged to moderate our desires, as such requisites

were entirely beyond our reach; and we thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in finding, at last, a semi-detached frame-cottage, nicely finished, with green Venetian shutters, and small verandah (there are almost always embellishments of this kind to houses in this country, and greatly it improves their appearance). There were seven very small, but conveniently arranged rooms, a court-yard at the back, with a pump of excellent water, in lieu of the much wished for garden. Our premises were somewhat cramped; but still, as the situation was good in every other respect, and within easy access to such shops as we chiefly required, we were contented.

For those who are contemplating a trip to our colony, and who may chance to see these pages, it may be interesting to know what the rental of such a cottage in the principal town of Canada may amount to. We paid £45 currency a-year, or £33 sterling. We considered it high, and the better class of houses were still higher. I believe the rents at the present date are considerably lowered, and expenses of living more within small incomes, since the government has removed to Quebec, preparatory to its final settlement at the city of Ottawa.

Till we were comfortably housed, my time was much taken up in furnishing ourselves in,

and a comparison between the cost of so doing in England and Canada may prove useful. To commence with the kitchen. The best kind of stove, with all its furniture, costs £6 currency—about £5 sterling; the furniture included being pots, pans, and boilers. Chairs and tables sufficient for the accommodation of a small household, £1 10*s.*; and all the small sundries, such as pails, brooms, and so forth, being made by machinery, were sold at prices that surprised me; allowing another £1 currency for these articles—the total amount did not exceed £7 2*s.* This contrasted with my *ménage* at home, which had something near £40 stowed away in it, was really almost ridiculous. In the same ratio, I might go through each room of our present home. I do not say articles of furniture bought at such low figures are so good or substantial as purchased at home, but they serve their purpose; and the *tout ensemble* of our little establishment always impressed every one who looked in upon us, as pleasant and well arranged. This was in a great measure due to the light finish given to the furniture, which is, for the most part, made of our hardiest Canadian black walnut, worked and carved by machinery, and very highly polished. I allude more particularly to the Toronto factory, the owners of which, while

being honoured by a visit from a Governor-general, are said to have shewn his lordship a black walnut log, and within twenty or thirty minutes to have pointed to a finished chair and well planed table, as parts of the identical log to which his attention had been first drawn. The only things which struck me as being unusually dear, and yet inferior, were the carpets and crockery-ware, which, together with linen and cutlery, are not manufactured in the colony; and any one emigrating had always better bring these with him.

In giving an estimate of our own expenses, it must not be supposed that where there is plenty of money at command, furniture and internal house decorations, with all the lustre of pier-glasses and ornaments, cannot be obtained. In the houses of the wealthy an air of luxury and sumptuousness is more indulged in, in proportion to the means and condition of the owner, than is the case at home. The reader must bear in mind he is following the newly-arrived emigrant, with but a straitened purse throughout, and for the benefit of others similarly circumstanced these details are entered into.

We were "fixed in" at last; but I had no leisure for idleness. In so tiny a dwelling, with *two* servants, I ought to have been in clover!

The Scotch nurse who had accompanied us proved singularly faithful, as far as her charges were concerned; but she professed absolute ignorance of all culinary work—and more than all, having been accustomed in her capacity as "upper nurse" to be waited upon, had no notion at first of even waiting upon herself; but for all these difficulties we made due allowances, knowing for her there must be habits to overcome, as well as for ourselves. In the long run, she suited us better than most servants thus transplanted would have done; but, as a rule, it is seldom advisable to import persons of this class. Servants brought up in this colony understand far better what is required from them; know the ways of the country, and do their work also far better.

I had fallen into another egregious error, viz., that of taking a "bush girl;" it having been represented to me that Toronto servants were anything but desirable beings to admit within your doors. Thus, two more raw domestics could rarely have fallen to the lot of one mortal to teach and guide. However, a willing hand and cheerful spirits lightened much that was galling; still it was no easy task to turn instructress all at once. It was one thing to order your dinner, as in days of yore, and quite another business to set to work

and cook it for yourself. I was on the horns of a dilemma never contemplated. To dismiss the bush girl at first off-set was impracticable, as she had come from a long distance. To have plenty of provisions, and not know how to use and cook them was too absurd. I could not help being both amused and ashamed of my own incapability, so I turned to my different cookery guides for information and counsel; but, to my chagrin, they never went to the root of the difficulty, always presuming that anything so simple as knowing how long it took to roast joints; how a potato should be boiled, with its skin off or on, or whether they should be put into boiling water or cold, and let come to the boil; or how long anything should "simmer" and stew, must be facts known to the most ignorant. Unhappily, it was really too true that these very simple matters were as unknown as Greek to me, and my two bright handmaidens were equally ignorant, or feigned to be so. Be that as it may, they left me to experimentalize, and make my own discoveries as best I could.

To my inexpressible comfort, I have long since overcome many of these minor troubles, which at that time seemed to me insurmountable, proving the truth of the old adage—"Where there's a will there's a way."

As we afterwards made up our minds to take a farm, my first experience in my little domicile proved of infinite value. I should have been overwhelmed altogether had the care of a dairy, the mysteries of bread and butter making fallen all at once to my lot; and while I am on this subject, I cannot help saying it seems to me almost a pity ladies at home should not, when they are young, be brought up with a better knowledge of practical housekeeping—a knowledge of cookery; and even the ability to cook need not be derogatory to, or interfere with accomplishments, or refinement, or intellectual attainments in any way. The advantages derived from a practical knowledge of a housewife's duties would, in many cases, it may be hoped, be never so fully tested as in my own; but even in the height of prosperity, such knowledge is not without its use, for none can tell what the future has in store—when adversity may come, or how soon their riches may take "wing" and "fly away." How sensible does the system in Canada appear. Every young lady is brought up, and trained to all that in after life may prove useful. The opportunities I have had of judging shew me, that all who have received an average education play well, sing well, ride well, skate well, and dance well; some, too, are well read, and

good linguists, and yet with all this, they know how to compound a good cake, and make better home-made bread than many of our best cooks in England. When married, they have the knack of managing their houses, and with the aid of a single servant-girl they have everything around them conducive to happiness and comfort, neatness and order, and do quite as well as an English couple, with three servants. Neither are young ladies so needlessly shy of their accomplishments as at home.

At a party, when asked to play or sing, there is no *mauvaise honte;* they sit down with a quiet self-possession before a large audience, and do their best, apparently without any love of display, but with an evident pleasure at being able to contribute to the enjoyment of others, as well as to their own. I do not mean to say, that I do not admire the retiring modesty of our English maidens, but it is quite painful the extent to which some carry their bashfulness. It puzzles me to see how girls who have not received one-tenth of the instruction, or had one-eighth of the income spent upon the acquisition of accomplishments, should, in the aggregate, outshine us; and I can only account for it, by the fact, that they are never kept so completely in the back-ground as are young girls of the

same age with us, and thus being accustomed to society, as it were, from their infancy, they gain confidence, and are able to take their position, without the embarrassment so common, when the time for "coming out" has arrived. But to return from this digression.

Toronto, as the metropolis of Upper Canada, is full of opportunities of indulging in gaieties, visitings, and parties. It has its theatres and concerts, which are never passed over by any of the great American or European actors and vocalists, while "starring" through the province. But for all amusement of this nature we had small inclination.

Every day confirmed us in the opinion that a life of inactivity in a town ill-suited our habits, as well as our pockets. The quantity of fuel we had to buy at a dear rate; the price demanded for all we consumed seemed exorbitant; the difficulty of procuring any good fresh vegetables; to which we might add the cost, and inferior quality of milk and butter—the former always well diluted, and, not unfrequently, sour—were drawbacks that daily discomposed us, and made us long for a move into the country, where plenty might abound without so constant a pull on our purse-strings. Add to this the distant prospects of any professional, or other sedentary

employment, made it still more decisive that an agricultural and rural life was best adapted to our circumstances, so that henceforth our attention was chiefly turned to everything connected with them. We began to think of little else, and therefore took more than ordinary interest in everything bearing on the subject—thus we became, in some degree, acquainted with the details and management of the extensive nursery grounds, and the fruit and flower gardens in the adjacent suburbs.

At the eastern end of the city, there were no less than seventy-five acres of nursery-ground belonging to one establishment. These were chiefly occupied with an excellent and choice supply of the hardier fruits and shrubs best suited for the orchards and gardens of Canada. The unwearied industry and extraordinary enterprise of the proprietor was well worth notice. Experiment after experiment must have been persevered in, at a great outlay of labour and time, before any newly-introduced plant or tree could be safely sent forth as acclimatized. At the period when we first saw this nursery, thousands of plants had perished just as their hardy habits were about to be pronounced, after five years' test, as fairly established.

The winter, which proved so destructive, had

a long spell of mild, warm weather; the thermometer scarcely ever falling below five degrees of frost at night, and rising by day, in the eye of the sun, above sixty degrees. After this spell of weather, which perhaps the tenderest British evergreen might have stood, on came a cold snap on the very verge of spring, with the sap in full flow, the buds ready to burst forth, and still some forty degrees of frost to endure. Few of the plants survived. These kinds of disappointments occur frequently. The gardener who attempts to rear choice exotics with the aid of stove-heat, or artificial heat, although he has a most delicate task before him, yet his art is more dependent on his own care and vigilance than on the caprice of the season. Numerous greenhouses (which were constantly exciting our admiration) were attached to the dwellings of the wealthy; and in midwinter, in the midst of almost Arctic cold, it would not have been difficult to cull a *bouquet* which might vie with any purchased from the central arcade of Covent Garden Market.

It was interesting to note the growth of Toronto during the short stay of nine months—perhaps our own street gave as good an evidence as any. When we took possession there were but five houses finished and occupied. The length of the street was very nearly a quarter of a mile.

Before we left, there was not a blank spot on one side of the street, which was now complete; and on the other side, there were but very few vacancies. No sooner was a house run up than it was tenanted. Since we left, a crystal palace has been erected—no mean model of that at Sydenham, or Hyde Park; but somewhat more heavy and substantial, as a considerable portion is appropriated to the exhibition of cattle, and all kinds of agricultural implements and produce, while the remainder is dedicated to arts and manufactures. The city of Hamilton can also boast of its crystal palace, as well as Montreal—thus does this young colony possess three permanent structures for the express purpose of exhibition.

We must now pass over the many public buildings and institutions of which Toronto may be justly proud—such as Asgoode Hall, the Normal School, the Public Observatory and Hospitals, and last, though not least, its churches, although few would hear me out, if I attempted to class what is called the "English Cathedral" with any cathedral at home. All these are ably described in recent publications; and I should be departing from my design by any further allusions than those I have already made.

It was not till the fall of the year that we re-

moved to the beautifully situated farm on the banks of the St. Lawrence—the scene of our attempt to make farming answer, as a means of rendering a slender purse as elastic as possible; the result of which will be narrated in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA: ITS GENERAL EFFECT UPON THE EUROPEAN, AS WELL AS ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

It has always seemed to me that the main object of Canadian authors while treating this subject is, to disguise the facts of the extreme rigour of its winter cold and the intensity of its summer heat. My experience, however, confirms me that this is impossible without a sacrifice of truth, which I by no means wish to make. It is marvellous, however, how little injury we receive from the extreme vicissitudes we have to endure, not only in the great variation between summer and winter, but in the wide range of the thermometer during both seasons. I have known it to mark considerably above eighty degrees in the shade at mid-day in summer, and to shew six or seven degrees of frost before midnight; and again in winter (of which, in this season of 1860 and 1861, we have had more than one instance), it has vacillated between forty degrees above

freezing-point, and thirty degrees below zero, or about seventy degrees in the course of twenty-four hours. And this, not in Lower Canada, which is always held out as being so much colder and more variable in its climate than Upper, but in what some have termed Peninsular Canada.

Another error into which those who describe this country somewhat readily fall—if their object be to soften the reality—is, to take the mean of temperature as recorded by public observatories, with great care and accuracy. If this average were the true index, we should be at a loss to account for our English holly, the laurel, the ivy, the laurestinus, and nearly all the evergreens which enliven and cheer our English shrubberies, never surviving a single Canadian winter; while we know, in our own country, they withstand the severest frosts to which the British climate ever exposes them—severely "scalded," though they are, in a severe English winter, such as the last. They afford a good illustration of the difference between a few days of severe cold, and months of severity with an occasional descent to twenty degrees and even thirty degrees below zero.

It is during these occasional visits of Arctic cold the evergreens perish, while deciduous trees,

now leafless and as inanimate, perhaps, as the sleeping bear, withstand the utmost cold in perfect security, with but few exceptions, such as those trees which are too ready to start into life at the first glow of sunshine, as the peach, nectarine, and apricot. The strong Canadian sun by day forces their buds into premature blossoms, too sure to be nipped off by the keen frosts at sunrise and sunset. The repetition of this process soon destroys the vitality of these tender fruit-trees, so that they rarely flourish in any but the warmest parts of Western Canada along the shores of Lake Erie; our evergreens, therefore, are reduced in number to the various species of the pine, the Canadian arbor vitæ, balsams, fir, red cedar, and hemlocks, and perhaps a few other of the same tribe; while, on the other hand, almost all the deciduous trees, from the finest forest-tree to the choicest garden-apple or plum, flourish and "yield fruit abundantly." While the influence of the winter upon the trees and vegetable world is the best proof of the real severity of the climate, the heat of summer is also faithfully illustrated by its rapid effect in forcing into existence every kind of annual, and maturing the cereals in the short interval between the 25th of May and the 1st of September. We have, ourselves, sown wheat on the 28th day

of May, and ground it into flour on the 6th of September, the weight of each bushel being upwards of sixty pounds, and the number of bushels to each acre exceeding five-and-twenty; thus proving, that although vegetation is forced, there is a quality in the climate that counteracts all the enervating effect of the hot-bed or green-house, to which such apparently unnatural and precocious growth must (it would be maintained by the uninitiated) ever be assimilated. The influence of climate upon our own constitutions is so ably described by a learned Canadian lecturer upon the subject, that I cannot do better than let him speak for himself:—

"The influence of climate may be seen in the light-haired, fair-skinned Caucasian; the copper-coloured, black, straight-haired, high-cheeked North American Indian; and in the thick-lipped, curly-headed negro, and a great variety of intermediate races. All are descended from a common parent—the theories of the pluralists to the contrary, notwithstanding. But lest there should be any doubt on this matter, I shall instance the few about whose posterity there can be no doubt. The Hebrews are descended from Abraham; and the dark, penetrating eye, and brunette complexion, are the Jew's distinguishing features. But if in the North of Europe there

are many with very light, sandy hair and light complexions, as we go southwards they become darker; and in India, they cannot be distinguished in colour from the almost black Hindoo, among whom they have dwelt for many centuries. Here we have the modifying influence of climate. Soil and climate do not, therefore, affect the national character materially when the inhabitants are in a natural state; and but partially when man's social condition is more elevated, for civilization constantly develops latent intellectual phenomena, and causes individuals to differ from those who preceded them, who were placed in circumstances less favourable to mental development, and distinctions which were then MATERIAL are now INTELLECTUAL. Man is but a link in Nature; and though his faculties may enable him to rise above and battle with her, and free himself in some degree from that dependence, yet he cannot cool in the noon-day sun (but by withdrawing himself from its rays), or temper the wind: his power is limited. In his migrations over the earth's surface he is subject to much vicissitude and change, while Nature continues to operate by definite and unvarying laws, leaving man to modify and mould them to himself, but not to alter them. When the *European* quits his native skies, he leaves behind

him the air he used to breathe and the soil whereon he trod. In Canada he perceives that the mornings are clearer, the sky brighter, the air in winter colder, and in summer hotter than that he has been accustomed to. If he has eyes to see, he will perceive that the people are different. They are paler among the higher classes and less ruddy: browner among the out-door artisans. All look somewhat drier, so to speak. He cannot fail to observe that the herbage, though not less luxuriant, is different. The feathered tribe are decked in far gaudier colours, but sing less; indeed, many of the birds, which in Britain make the groves resound to the music of their carols, here chirp and merely twitter away. Viewing these differences around him, he may fail to notice that he has taken upon himself a new existence; that new habits must spring up within him; that new ideas—not always for the better, perhaps, have taken possession of his mind. He thinks and acts differently, and at length becomes sensible that a 'change has come o'er the spirit of his dream.' He may often—does, no doubt, feel many a pang of regret that the dear home of his sires and his childhood is far, far away; but he has little time for pensive thought and melancholy, for his life is now a life of ceaseless activity.

"That there is a change in the European constitution after a longer or shorter residence, every one must admit. The high colour which blushes the cheeks and reddens the lips of Europeans fades somewhat; the skin is less soft and moist; the hair becomes drier; and the teeth, thanks to our pernicious mode of living,* decay sooner. The fat which contains the muscles and gives a roundness to the general outline is absorbed, and the muscles become more prominent. The muscles of the face stand out in strong relief; the countenance assumes a more care-worn —some think, a more intelligent look. Chubby-faced women, and round, fat, oily men, are less frequently seen. In a word, the whole system is changed. Over exertion in those who are compelled to work, and excessive idleness in those who have nothing to do, often produce the same results: premature failing—premature decay.

"The influence which climate exerts over disease, is more marked than that which it exerts in a healthy individual. The frequent and sudden changes in temperature may not affect

* The Lecturer does not enter into particulars. I suppose him to allude to the extraordinary consumption of trashy pastry, "sweeties," as they are called; bull's-eyes and sugar-sticks being as much partaken of by fathers and mothers as by new-born babies. Add to this apple-sauce, jams, pumpkin-*pies, &c., &c.*

the young and healthy; but in early infancy, in advanced years, or when labouring under rheumatism, or disease of the digestive organs or pulmonary organs, the thermometrical and barometrical changes are severely felt. Though vicissitudes in temperature are frequent in Canada, the air is not humid as in Great Britain, and humidity, not less than sudden changes, is unfavourable to life and health. . . . . Were man in a state of Nature, or deprived of the power of protecting himself against external influences, he would be less likely to survive transplanting than the rest of animated nature. If we transplant the common shaggy dog to the North, in a few generations he will have lost his rugged coat, and be clothed instead with a soft, silky, shiny skin. The innocent sheep, when transplanted from the inclemency of the North, to pant under a vertical sun, will, in a few generations, exchange its warm fleece of wool for a more convenient coat of hair. These changes which Nature silently works for the brute creation man must effect for himself. He can protect himself better than any animal against vicissitudes of temperature, yet he is the most sensitive of all animated nature.

"The climate of Canada must be regarded in its twofold aspect of heat and cold. In summer,

the alterations take place in the economy which teach one to accommodate oneself to altered circumstances. The sensation of warmth is experienced; but kind, beneficent Nature opens the flood-gates of the skin, and bathes the body with a fluid, which prevents its temperature rising above the healthy standard. The cold of winter is severe without being destructive. The sharp, clear, bracing cold is far more easily borne than the humid, raw air of March and October. There is an almost irresistible desire for activity;* not as during the cold, chilly, wet seasons of other climes."

In the course of this lecture a number of experiments were detailed, by which the influence which this climate had exerted upon Europeans had been tested. The result was favourable to Canada. They who had become most thoroughly acclimatized by the longest residence in the country had advanced most in stature, strength, and weight. The British Canadian was of the same height, weighed five lbs. more, and possessed muscular strength almost amounting to twenty lbs. over his European cousins. The French had ad-

* This is fully shared in by animals, especially by the horse—the latter, unless daily exercised, becomes scarcely manageable, and is never so active and full of life and play as during the *bright, clear* days in winter, when sleighing is in perfection.

vanced still more—were an inch taller, weighed eight lbs. more, and had a superiority of strength equal to fifty lbs. The conclusion drawn from minute statistics was thus arrived at.

"Where there is little or no spring; where the transition from the cold of winter to the heat of summer is sudden; where the general range of the thermometer is from thirty-two degrees above to thirty degrees and forty degrees below zero; and where, in summer, the thermometer often registers ninety degrees in the shade, the annual ratio of mortality is one per cent.; and were it not for the vice of intemperance, which exposes its victims to frozen limbs in winter, and to night air in all seasons, the ratio of mortality would be less than one per cent.*

"No climate can surpass Canada in salubrity. She is, in a great measure, exempt from those

* One of the first lessons the climate teaches, is the absolute necessity of temperance. The moderate wine-drinker at home may perhaps drink wine in Canada; but economy will induce him to try the cheap ardent spirits of the country. When these are indulged in, under exposure to either heat or cold, the effect on the brain is immediate, and many have become what the lecturer here calls "victims of intemperance," quite unconsciously. If these lessons are disregarded, as they frequently are, reason will soon lose her hold, under the terrible disease of "*delirium tremens*," and the loss of life will soon follow the loss of reason.

diseases which are indigenous to different parts of Europe. Indeed, regarding the diseases which afflict humanity elsewhere, we have great reason to be thankful to the all-bountiful Controller of the Seasons, that, in separating us from the great branch of the European family, He has prepared for us a land, where we may not only lie down in peace with all men, but with the assurance that no pestilential effluvia will enter our nostrils ere we awake—that no serpent will instil its fatal poison into our veins—that no malaria will imprint its morbid impress upon our countenance, and that, though He exposes us to much heat in summer, and to a temperature in winter which parches us till we shrink with cold, and cry out, 'This is no flattery:' yet as 'He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' He, through our intelligence, clothes us and keeps us in health, comfort, and safety."

The Canadians can also claim for their climate an entire freedom from every disease, but such as is common in Great Britain and Europe. After much research the lecturer, from whom I have so freely copied, cannot trace any disease as peculiar to the country, and unknown in other countries. The recent census has brought to light several instances of extraordinary longevity, both among

European settlers and their descendants born in the province, but chiefly amongst the North American Indians.

It has been shewn our winters are very long as well as very cold; and this is just the same in 1861 as when Cabot first landed. All the theory that, as the country became settled, and as the forest was cleared away, the climate would be less severe, has proved thoroughly delusive so far. In short, on the frontier of Canada we are less sheltered, and feel the cutting winds far more keenly than our more retired fellow-colonists in the bush. We lose our snows earlier than they do, but little do we gain on that score; and severe frosts frequently follow a succession of thawing days, and then it is that our winter wheat and rye is in greatest danger. The influence of the lakes may be such as to favour vegetation; but as far as I could judge, it was by no means favourable to the constitution. It just gave us what it is so desirable to avoid—a lingering, wearisome, nondescript season, too cold, humid, and raw for enjoyment; during which our snow roads were spoilt, and as long as it lasted, all communication from village to village was exceedingly difficult, as the roads were scarcely passable. The farmer, however, could use his plough, which, perhaps, had much better

have been used in autumn before winter set in. In addition to the excellence of all the cereals a farmer grows, the fattening qualities of the roughest-looking pastures are singular. Sheep and oxen turned out with a good range, with access to the bush for shelter, and above all, access to good water, are found to be quite fat by the time winter commences. A great portion of this period, as far as the eye can lead you to form an opinion, they have nothing but the coarsest and dryest-looking herbage to graze upon, and oftentimes that would be so withered and parched during a summer drought, as to appear very "poor feed;" there is, however, much nutriment in the browse and underwood of a Canadian bush. And animals will subsist upon this for weeks after the snow has first fallen without loss of flesh.

The deer taken during the early winter are nearly equal to those fattened for the market at home, if we may judge by the excellent venison; but when winter has fairly set in it is difficult to maintain these animals in condition, and the effect of cold is such as to render all feeding with roots (as turnips and carrots) of no avail. These will prove of infinite use in the spring, and should be reserved till that period. Nothing but dry stimulating food, as bean meal, oil cake, and

the like, will now preserve for your cattle "that fat which cushions the muscles and gives a roundness to their general outline," or make them "round, fat, and oily." Our own farming experience has shewn that an animal slaughtered at the very first onset of winter, will bear proof of having been better fed by Nature in the bush, than do those upon whom we have attempted to improve by a liberal supply of roots, and good hay after winter has commenced. Had we substituted dry meal for the roots the result would have been different.

I cannot close this subject without adding one more quotation from our celebrated transatlantic author.* "Here let me say a word in favour of those vicissitudes of our climate, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world; they give us the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North; they float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us hath none of its proverbial gloom. It

* Washington Irving.

may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intense lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her own most limpid radiance.

"And the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life; and the splendour of summer, its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sunlit clouds piled up in a deep, azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven, and shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of the woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may well say, 'that in our climate the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

FARMING IN CANADA: AN OCCUPATION WHEREBY THE MOST MAY BE MADE OF A SMALL INCOME; AND CONCLUSION.

SHOULD any have accompanied me thus far, they will conclude that much has not been gained by our emigration. I must now endeavour to shew that our peregrinations have not been wholly fruitless. It will have been seen that life in a Canadian town, although it may be the most economical for those who are proof against the temptations to needless and frivolous expenditure, inseparable from a want of occupation, cannot fail to be irksome and monotonous, and gradually to exhaust all relish for exertion and activity. Having now in some measure become acclimatized and enured to the total change of scene, which constitutes the difference between the Old and the New World, we were certainly enabled to venture on farming with much greater ease and with far less risk, than if we had rushed into that pursuit immediately on

landing. A stranger to the country who has settled down too hastily will ever be perplexed by doubts, which his neighbours will be too prone to raise in his mind; he will always be assured that he might by patience have paid less for his land. He may be wishing he had remained in the East when he has gone far West, or that the frontier had been preferred to the backwoods. The look before the leap is never more necessary, than in the case of a settler casting his lot in a new country. The utmost capital, in our individual case, we thought fit to apply to our farming was £200 sterling, and we appropriated the same sum as an annual income to meet current expenses.

In England this amount of capital would but suffice to furnish a cottage, and procure the various sundries necessary to make a house comfortable. How so small a sum could be made to furnish and stock a farm of 100 acres as well we may be reasonably asked to explain. In the first place, it is not very generally known that every £100 drawn from Britain "counts" as £124 to £125 in this country—that is to say, money is reckoned in Canada by the Halifax currency, instead of by its sterling value—so that when a farm is said to be worth £1,000, it will only require little more than £800 sterling to purchase it;

or, to put the case more strongly, every 20*s.* British is nearly equal to 25*s.* Canadian. Every article a family requires is purchased at this currency, and so far as the products of the country, land, rent, taxes, and wages, affect our income, there is nothing deceptive in this change. But the economist must learn to limit his expenditure to the utmost amongst such things as the colony has of its own. Directly we have to purchase home manufactures, we pay not only their sterling value, but a heavy colonial duty in addition to the cost of freight and necessary profit for the merchant.

The necessaries, however, that become thus costly from importation are gradually being lessened, and colonial manufactures diminish their number year by year. Sam Slick can no longer say that everything a Canadian or Nova Scotian requires, from the swaddling clothes at his birth to the nail that is driven into his coffin, comes from his mother country.

We have before said that china-ware and cutlery are almost the only articles of furniture Canada does not supply. We may add, in contrast, that every kind of farming implement, from a garden-hoe to a reaping-machine, is manufactured in the colony. They are much better adapted to our wants, and sold at far cheaper

rates than those at which England is able to distribute them to her farmers at home.

We will now introduce the farm we selected—the rent and taxes we had to pay—the implements and live stock we bought—the labour it required and the crops we raised—and the result after two years' experiment, and prospects for the future.

We advertised for a farm near the railway, on the frontier between Montreal and Toronto, within an easy distance of a church, a post office, and a good market. The numerous answers our advertisement received convinced us that this is a better way to set to work than to go to any particular Registry or Land Agency Office. You are at once put in full possession of all the particulars of several properties in different localities, and can make your own comparison. It is scarcely possible for an agent to give an unbiassed opinion, or not be most active in his exertions to sell, or let, that property for disposal of which he has secured the most commission. Besides, an advertisement draws out, in many cases, an answer from persons who have not taken the pains to register their property, or thought it advisable to employ an agent. Advantageous situations were more highly valued than any excess in fertility of soil; so that farms

near a town, within a radius of three or four miles, are let at about £40 sterling a year, which, if more remote, would not be worth £30 or £25. Farms so advantageously situated are seldom to be purchased, except at prices which far exceed their agricultural value. There seems to be always a lingering hope, on the part of the owners, that some *millionaire* will "come along," and build a factory, or that he may cut it up into a little town; that a railway will require half of it; at any rate, that there is some latent value in the way of a petroleum oil spring, or some one of the numerous copper, tin, iron, lead, yellow ochre, and other mines and quarries with which Canada abounds. The consequence is the price fixed as the value of the property would, at the current, and even lowest Canadian rate of interest of £6 per cent., produce an annual income fully double to that which would have to be paid as annual rent. With this view, it is much cheaper to rent than to purchase.

We selected a farm within an easy walk of a good town, where there were good schools for the children, so near indeed, that the house could have been let separately. This made the farm dearer. No doubt, the land might have been let as accommodation land, and thus a greater rent secured than we paid for the whole. The land

consisted of about 100 acres, of which any portion might be put under the plough; but we had the option of tilling as little or as much as we thought prudent. We therefore tried 40 acres under tillage and the remainder in pasture. Besides this, we had liberty to cut fuel for our own use. For all this we had to pay £80 (say £63 sterling), besides taxes. The value of the house itself, in a good town, would have been £30 sterling; this left about the same sum for the land and buildings, and this was quite its full value for farming purposes. Fortunately, we had secured, before we took possession, a limit to our taxes; and every emigrant should follow our example in this respect.

The taxes in Canada have hitherto been so trifling in amount that they have been treated as merely nominal. Such, however, has been the rapid progress of this colony, that she has jumped, as it were, all at once into the maturity of an old country—indeed, is in a more advanced condition than was England, in many respects, before her railways had come into general operation. It seems unreasonable to expect that she could have taken this great jump without some corresponding strain upon her resources, great and inexhaustible as they may prove. Old settlers are the best guide to that information, which enables you to make

a comparison between Canada as she is, and Canada as she was nearly ten years ago. Then, her taxes were light and nominal; now, they are felt and becoming serious.

But what has she gained? First and foremost, she has secured the Americans as her best customers, and this, conjointly with the reciprocity now subsisting between all Canadian and American trading, is the effect of her railways. As an illustration, horses which could not be sold for a remunerative price, except at long credit, are now eagerly sought for, where the breed is superior, and large prices are paid in cash, and so in a fully equal degree, wherever the stock of sheep or cattle is superior, is their value appreciated. A market for all her produce is secured throughout the whole year, and not limited to the season of open navigation, although that season will ever prove the most favourable. The winter market must be of infinite advantage, and gradually improve. Machinery can be transported throughout the entire province. Building materials are, by facilities of transit, not only lessened in price, but can be obtained in quantity, and not by mere driblets, as when the sleigh was the only mode of carriage. Houses can be built, and every kind of permanent improvement can be effected at less cost, and in

the form of unseemly manners, we have invariably found our consideration has been amply rewarded, and after a little intercourse have secured as much work done, with as hearty good will, as the most submissive-mannered peasant at home ever returned to his employer. It is very hazardous to import servants from England; their motive for leaving their own country is, of course, to better themselves. They will begin to doubt whether they had not better have stayed where they were. The climate will surprise them. Rumour will be busy, and they will imagine their wages insufficient; in short, they are generally discontented, and servants, like masters, must become acclimatized, and have learnt the ways of the country before their services can equal those already acquainted with them; besides, they are very apt to ridicule and sneer at their fellow-workmen, as if they must be superior; and no inconsiderable loss of time, and a good deal of unproductive labour, can be easily traced to these feelings of jealousy and ignorant prejudice.

While on the subject of workmen, an illustration of the difference between a Canadian and a raw, Old Countryman, may be amusing and a warning to others who may have passed the meridian of life in their native land, and are in receipt of good wages at home to remain there,

unless they have some relatives or friends in this country to help them on after their arrival. In the present instance, the poor man of whom I am about to speak, was as illiterate and ignorant an Englishman as could probably be found; he had been induced to cross the Atlantic after listening to the representations of some emigration lecturer, and all he deemed essential towards bettering his condition, was forthwith to quit his native soil. He walked from a village not twelve miles distant from London to Gravesend, and there got on board the first trader he saw bound for New York. He arrived in that city in November, in total ignorance that the climate was in any degree colder than in England, and had come provided with nothing more than ordinary clothing; of course, he shared the fate of many of his class, and got cheated out of what little cash he had left before leaving the city. Wandering about and getting his food, in return for work, he was advised to go to "Kennedy," as he pronounced it, as the only place fit for an Englishman. He was evidently not "acute" enough for a Yankee. He walked five hundred miles before reaching the banks of the St. Lawrence, and spent his last shilling as his fare across the ferry to the Canadian side. He arrived at our door hungry, not only foot-sore, but nearly foot-frozen,

on Christmas Eve, during a severe snowstorm. We gladly took him in, and agreed to keep him on trial. Though grateful to us, and glad to get amongst any that still savoured so strongly as ourselves of the "Old Country," he, nevertheless, was discontented. He could not bring himself to understand how it was that he, who could earn his 16s. a-week, and was regarded as a good workman, and who could besides "grub a Sussex shaw," and use the bill-hook against any man in the parish, could not earn wages with the Canadian axe. The fault, of course, was in the tool and not in him. He never could cut a quarter of a cord in a day, and yet an experienced chopper gets through a cord and a half per day with comparative ease. Two good choppers will walk up to the finest specimen of a pine ever beheld, such as the Old Country eye would think could only be felled with a cross-cut saw; in less than ten minutes it will lie prostrate on the ground. The temper and edge requisite for the axe is such, that the woodsman is as careful over it as he is of his razor, and so treasures it up, that he sleeps with it under his pillow to prevent the frost from rendering it brittle.

We took possession in the spring, and commenced with one man and two horses. The wages are usually in Upper Canada £30 cur-

rency a-year, and board. The plough can rarely enter the ground before the second week in April. In some seasons a little ploughing may be done in the last week in March. All the sowing, besides the planting of Indian corn and potatoes, must be finished before the first week in June is over—perhaps, I ought to say, before the end of May. There are, therefore, but seven short weeks; and, upon an average, only five days, at the most, can be calculated as working days, as frequent interruptions to spring work from rain must be expected. The ploughing is invariably done with two horses harnessed abreast and driven by reins, and from one acre to one acre and a half, according to the quality of the soil, is considered a day's work. On a heavy soil you are likely to find four acres and a half will have occupied a week (when loss of time is allowed for). To perform this spring work, we had to buy two stiff-set horses, and as we only gave something like £35 for the two, they were rather under-size; it would take £50 to buy two thoroughly good horses of full height. The plough and the harness cost us another £6; a waggon, £15; and then came harrows, rollers, and other implements, so that nearly half our available capital was at once required before our spring work was fairly over.

We managed to make the remaining £100 supply us with every necessary implement, and to stock our farm with three cows and about twenty sheep, and several head of young cattle. The price of a cow in spring, on the point of having a calf, is from £4 to £6, and sheep are worth from 2 dollars to 5 dollars (10*s.* to 25*s.*), according to age and size.

So little could be done the first year of occupation, that the return from the farm was scarcely sufficient to supply our family with all the bread, butter, eggs, pork, mutton, and beef we required for use. But these are not the only products of a Canadian farm which might be introduced. Butchers and bakers are, it is true, the first on the list of tradespeople whose bills ought never to be heard of; but the grocer, and the tallow-chandler, and even the soap-boiler may all be interfered with.

The maple sugar-bush is a natural source of profit that often proves of infinite service, as it may be made to supply all the sugar requisite for the year, for a large family's consumption—by no means a small item of cost where tea and coffee take the place of beer and spirits, and are used at every meal; but it often provides a goodly suplus for sale. The sap of the maple is *ready to flow* immediately the frost begins to

leave us, in March and April. A good bush of large-sized trees will furnish hundreds of pounds of good sugar, while the more refined maple-syrup is a real dainty relished by children, and a useful adjunct to the housewife's stores. Then, during the winter, as the Canadian farmer is his own butcher, his mutton and beef find him with plenty of raw material for candle-making, and the candle-mould is always in requisition at that season. Nor are the ashes from his constant fires to be wasted, but turned to an economical account in the manufacture of soap, which, together with candles, is generally part of our home productions. Potash might be included as a very valuable item on our list; but as this more properly belongs to the wild, uncultivated forest-land, while undergoing the process of clearance, it can scarcely be introduced as an article which a farmer on the well cleared frontier has for disposal.

We had, evidently, entered too late on our farm to secure a large return the first season, we therefore determined to try what the second year would do, and kept the plough as busy as we could all the autumn, so that when spring came round, there should be little to do, but to sow and to harrow. We managed, by hard work, to

get forty acres well ploughed before the winter set in. We did not venture upon fall wheat, as that had, till the last season, become quite a precarious crop.

When spring returned, we found the ploughed land thoroughly well pulverized by frost, so that all that was requisite was the use of the American or "Share's" harrow. This is a most effective implement, almost equilateral and triangular. Two horses can readily draw it, and its numerous inverted teeth, or coulters, slice every furrow into four; and after thrice harrowing with this instrument, we made the best seed-bed we ever saw on a farm. The four fields of forty acres looked almost like a garden; and we divided them into fifteen acres of spring Fife wheat, fifteen acres of Canadian field peas, six of oats, two of potatoes, and two of barley.

Every one of these crops seemed to try and out-do the other, and to say which was the best would perhaps be difficult. Probably, the Chevalier barley deserved the palm. The harvesting of these crops could not, of course, be got through by one, or even two men. Here an implement manufacturer came to our rescue; and our wheat and oat crop was the scene of trial for what had been returned to him as a defective reaper. The

grain was much laid, owing to the heavy rains; but the reaper performed admirably, and the owner kindly let us have the use of it for the whole harvest. It was difficult, with our small staff (increased though it was to five men), to bind fast enough for the cutting of this machine, and to carry and stack in the barn, so as not to have too much grain cut at one time.

Here I must notice a great and general defect in Canadian farming, and that is in the art of securing the grain in mows or stacks, as well as hay, after the large barns are all filled. Occasionally, as during the autumn of 1860, deluging rains fall, which would severely test the best thatching in the world—of which, perhaps, our native county of Devon generally affords the best specimens. The straw here used for thatching has all been passed through the machine, and is therefore ill fitted for thatching purposes. Few farmers ever reserve any hand-threshed straw, and comb it into reed, as at home, but those few are amply rewarded.

Our loss from damaged grain, on this head, must have been exceedingly great; but every neighbour lost fully as much. The quantity of grain rendered unmarketable under this system, in any productive year, which is generally after a wet season, must be prodigious.

Notwithstanding this loss, we managed to thresh out for market the following produce—from

15 acres of spring wheat...	320	bushels.
15 acres of Canadian peas...	420	„
6 acres of oats.....	240	„
2 acres of barley.....	94	„

The value of this grain averaged as follows—Wheat, 90 cents (4*s.* 6*d.*) per bushel of 60 lbs.; peas, 55 cents (2*s.* 9*d.*) per bushel of same weight; barley, 60 cents (3*s.*) per bushel of 56 lbs.; oats, 22 cents (1*s.* 1*d.*) per bushel of 34 lbs. We have specified the respective weight of each kind by bushel, because all Canadian grain is sold by weight, and not by measure. The two acres of potatoes yielded about 240 bushels, very slightly injured by the potato disease, which of late has but little affected this crop. These averaged in value, 25 cents (1*s.* 3*d.*) per bushel. Thus is the produce of our forty acres accounted for. For remaining produce, we must turn to the dairy of three cows, to several pigs, and our twenty sheep, now increased to thirty-nine, including lambs; and to the poultry, turkeys, chickens, and ducks.

The most important item of profit would appear to have been derived from the pigs. Wherever a large quantity of grain is grown a cor*responding* stock of pigs should be kept. A

small pig, purchased in early spring—say six weeks old—will cost one dollar (5*s.*) His keep during the summer is supplied from the waste of the house and the rough parterres. After harvest he is turned into the "errish," and there he gains so much in condition, that he requires to be shut up little more than three weeks to make him from 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. in weight by the middle of November. Pork is then generally worth five dollars per 100 lbs., at the least; so that fifteen pigs, which our farm could have easily carried, would have brought in at 200 lbs. weight each, the goodly sum of 150 dollars, or £32 10*s.*; and had we purchased them in the spring, would have cost us only 15 dollars, or £3 15*s.*

Butter is usually worth from 8*d.* to 10*d.* per lb., and a good nurtured cow in fair pasture, with access to water, so that she may slake her thirst as often as she feels inclined during the heat of summer, will produce about seven lbs. per week. Fowls are most essential for the supply of eggs as well as chickens during summer; and in early spring a good stock of laying hens will prove very profitable, and the large surplus of eggs they afford is readily saleable at 9*d.* to 1*s.* per dozen. Turkeys are kept at very little expense during summer, as they live entirely upon insects and grasshoppers, and grass-seeds. I do not

think they injure the grain to any extent—certainly no more than partridges or pheasants do; and as we have nothing of that kind (except the tree-partridge, or grouse, in the bush), to live in our crops, or to be shot in September or October, turkeys may be kept to supply their place. They will do for themselves until the frost and snow set in, then a general wholesale slaughter ensues, as their keep in winter would be too expensive. All superfluous ducks, geese, and fowls share the same fate at this period, and are either marketed or kept for home consumption.

The severe winter cold is here turned to an economical account, as all this vast amount of poultry would be wasted but for the plan adopted of exposing it, and all kinds of meat and fish to the frost, or burying it in snow, which is by many preferred. All can be preserved in this manner in excellent condition for three months, and even as seasons vary, for four. This system, of course, greatly reduces the prices, so that a large turkey can be bought for 2*s*. English, or 3*s*. at the highest; fowls for 6*d*. a-piece, and geese for 1*s*. 6*d*. A ready sale for sheep is always found in the home-market, especially for lambs during the summer months; and many a lamb is then sold for about the same money as the wool *on his back* would be worth in the ensuing spring.

They thrive well, although they consume little else than the pea straw (which they doat upon, and which other cattle care little about), during winter, and live upon the pastures during summer, so that they are the most profitable of any kind of stock; their wool certainly pays for their keep, and the continued addition to the flock from lambs every spring, more than replaces any that may have been required for market or consumption.

I have now gone through almost all the sources of profit from a Canadian farm, exclusive of those which belong, perhaps, to the garden, as fruit and vegetables—including the melons, tomatoes, cucumber, squash, peppers or capsicum, and early potatoes; for about six weeks in the year, from 20*s.* to 40*s.* per week may be easily secured by due attention from sales of garden produce, besides an ample supply for the house; while a good-sized orchard well-stocked with choice fruit is an invaluable appendage to every farm. We have on one occasion made the crop of an orchard of about one hundred and thirty trees in full-bearing worth £42. The luscious water-core, richly streaked St. Lawrence, and peach-flavoured Frameuse or Snow-apple, were among the choicest of our fruits, to which should be added some splendid specimens of cooking-apples both for

size, colour, and complexion. The basket of this fruit exhibited at Toronto, with but few additions from neighbouring orchards, gained the first prize, and ultimately found its way to the table of Government House. Unhappily we have no longer the benefits of this delightful orchard, which, when seen in spring, when every tree was a mass of beauteous blossom, attracted the admiration of all the passengers of the numerous St. Lawrence steamers; but when viewed in autumn was so enticing from its display of luscious fruits, that the temptation proved irresistible, and its owners were far from being the only persons who rejoiced in its fecundity.

The heavy cost of labour must now be taken into account, otherwise a Canadian farm will be made to appear an El Dorado; such, however, is the weight of this item, that on placing profit and loss on the scales, loss will inevitably prove the heaviest, unless the utmost caution be used.

In *the first place*, the family must be supplied from the farm in such a way that nothing may be bought which the farm can produce; the home-market will always be the best, and unbought supplies are always the best tasted. *Next*, as far as possible, something corresponding with the truck system in the payment of wages *must* be adopted. A system, however, which,

instead of being unfair (as in too many districts in England), may be made perfectly fair. Straw, grain—anything a workman may require, should be given in preference to cash. Where the rate of wages is so good as it is in Canada, it is well-known that this is the only way the generality of farmers can afford to employ labourers. Instead, however, of any agreement that wheat should be taken at 8*s.* a bushel, when it is only worth 5*s.* in the market (a custom, I believe, still prevalent in the North of Devon), everything is taken at the market price. A man with a family to maintain would not be ready "to hire" for twelve months and to give up the whole of his time, and attend to horses and live stock on the Sunday, unless he was paid perhaps at the rate of £1 5*s.* sterling per week all the year round. But if the farmer can give him half an acre of land, can keep a cow for him in summer and winter,—can provide him with fuel (no trifle in Canada when fuel has to be bought, but not felt by the farmer who reserves a bush for the purpose), and find him a house to live in rent free, he would consider himself well paid if he had 15*s.* per week. So, again, the farmer with an ample store of provisions—as pork, potatoes, &c., can afford to find meals for his extra men during the busy time of harvest,

and by so doing he has to pay nearly a third less cash for wages. Besides this gain in cash, he gains the additional advantage of securing a well-fed workman, in the place of one who may have denied himself requisite food, in order to indulge in liquor.

And *lastly*, a farm must be supplied with all "the labour and time-saving machines" that means will permit. We have already noticed the reaper and mowing-machine; these are now advertised in the country for sale at £20 currency, and probably the most trustworthy implement makers are not charging more than £25. These are not essentials, yet those who possess them maintain they last for ten years, and save their prime cost in two. The American horse-rake is a most useful, ingenious, and economical machine, as patented in Canada West; it is made almost entirely of wood—consisting of a frame some twelve feet in width, mounted on wheels, with shafts; to this frame are attached twenty-four teeth, three feet or so in length, made of the hardest and toughest ash, strung upon an iron rod, so as to rise over any obstruction, and fall again immediately. The driver stands on the platform, and by the aid of a lever, on which he merely plants his foot and leans his weight, he *raises the teeth* off the ground, and they imme-

diately drop the hay or grain, whenever he does so. About eight acres can be gone over with this rake in about half a day. After this, the land is so clean, that when the hay waggon has left the field no litter is visible anywhere.

This machine alone saves the labour of three or four hands in haying time, and does about as much work in one hour as they would in two, with no labour to the man who directs it; and it is quite light work for the horse that draws it. This really useful implement, so little known to fame, and, for some unaccountable reason, so kept out of the market (although all who have tried it prefer it to any other), is made, and mounted on well tired wheels, with shafts complete, for £4 sterling.

The next machine best adapted for a moderate-sized farm, where the object is to thresh out for home consumption, or for a gradual market, is the two-horse power threshing-machine. This is worked by a horse-treadmill. Our horses had worked on it without receiving the slightest injury, and they mount the mill as readily as they would back into a waggon. The power thus obtained is sufficient to work a cylinder, capable of threshing out from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels of oats per day. One man is wanted to feed the cylinder, another

to untie the bundles of grain, and a boy to throw away the straw, which is separated from the chaff, by means of a straw-carrier, kept in motion by the same power that works the cylinder. In about an hour your two horses will have enabled you, by means of this treader, to thresh out quite as many bushels as it may be convenient to clean up without extra hands. It would be easy at any time to go into the barn at eight in the morning, and thresh, clean, and market thirty bushels of grain before half the day was lost, and not an extra man need have been about your premises. Whereas, when the hired machine is in requisition, you must find four horses, and the owner of the machine four horses, and it requires from ten to fifteen hands, according to the conveniences of your barns and yards, to keep pace with the machine. The owner is paid in proportion to the number of bushels threshed, so that his object is to clear out the barns as soon as it can possibly be done. It is next to impossible to prevent mixture of grain under these circumstances; and whether you have hit the right time or the wrong, you are obliged to market, as it is seldom granaries sufficiently large to hold all the grain grown, are to be found on any farm.

The threshing for three or four days will cost

from £3 to £4, independently of board, and extra hire of men and horses. The economy and convenience of these little tread-machines is such that nothing but prejudice could prevent them being used in England, if introduced. Anything better calculated for small holdings, or less dangerous, less complicated, and more effective, it is difficult to conceive. The cost of this implement is about £35 sterling; and I believe it will last good for eight or ten years, and pay for its cost, certainly, in two years and a half.

The result of our second year proved satisfactory. The amount realised by the sale of the produce enumerated enabled us to provide all the costly implements which have been described, and to add a third horse to the live stock. During the last two years our dealings with tradespeople have considerably lessened. Our butcher has lost a regular, if not a large customer, for it is very seldom we have occasion to trouble his stall. In like manner our bread has been provided entirely by the farm; while a daily and varied bill of fare from an amply supplied poultry-yard and garden, is by no means an insignificant item on the credit side of our farm account. We have no desire to enter an imaginary doctor's bill on the credit side of our account, as if a family, once settled on a farm, never could

require medical aid, and that all settled elsewhere were never healthy. If we have no actual cash to produce as proofs of our profits, still we can turn to the now somewhat numerous inmates of our pigstyes, to an increased flock of sheep much improved in breed—to the young herd of cattle imperceptibly gathered round us, as well as to a very promising young colt, destined to complete another team, and double the horse-power with which we commenced. To these we may add the prospect of another bounteous harvest before us, if a long spell of steady winter, accompanied with an unusual depth of snow, maintain its character as the fore-runner of an abundant summer. We may add, too, that we have the means of sowing all the ground we can cultivate with unbought and home-saved seed, and the use of the labour-saving implements to reap, rake, and thresh our crops.

And thus we close a somewhat long list of advantages, which we hope may enable us to prove that rural occupation in Canada is not merely healthful and invigorating, but may be made to give a wider scope to a limited income, than would be the case if attempted in the mother-country. Our third year also holds out so fair a promise of actual profit, that we can write confidently in favour of the farming resources of

Canada, and shew "Why we live in it, and Why we like it." In short, we live under the daily conviction that in no way could we have improved our circumstances, had we remained buried in the backwoods, as was so nearly our fate. If emigration must be encountered there is nothing in the climate, or social condition of the cleared districts of Canada, at all unbearable. If this colony does not offer the fairest field for making a rapid fortune, she does, nevertheless, afford opportunities for making a little go a long way; and, when we bear in mind the regularity with which her own, as well as the Cunard steamers cross the Atlantic, within eleven days, we feel week after week, as each successive mail brings us tidings from home bearing the dates, as it were but of yesterday, how much nearer she is to England than any other colony; and we believe that, with all her faults and failings, the British emigrant may "go farther," and "fare worse."

THE END.

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